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THE OPEN ROAD
TO
MIND TRAINING

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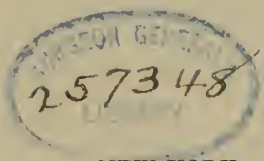
BY
ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

LF
145
W771r
1922

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MAR 23 1922

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INTRODUCTION

We stand upon the threshold of an era fraught with critical importance to our civilization. Never was such a shifting of frontiers, such an overturning of idols, such a transvaluation of all values, as during the momentous and terrible years that have elapsed since Austrian cannon began to thunder against Belgrade and the first German cavalry crossed the Belgian frontier. The old easy confidence that everything is increasingly for the best in the best of all possible worlds, the habit of reckoning our well-being by statistics of wealth and material progress, have suffered a rude shock in these days of multiple prices and Bolshevism. A very little more of co-operative destruction and straining the bonds of credit, and—who knows? our fate may be even as that of Russia. The prospect is at least sufficiently conceivable to give rise to the gravest searchings of heart.

One truth at least has emerged. It is impossible to measure progress by statistics of commerce and machinery. At best, these may merely furnish the means for the nations to destroy one

another with the more scientific precision. The unique and vital problem is how to perfect men, and this has hitherto been disastrously ignored. The idea that even commercial supremacy is a matter of juggling with tariffs, or that sea-power consists in laying down dreadnoughts, is no longer to be maintained seriously. "Give me the iron in the men," once remarked a famous Admiral, "and I shall not trouble so much about the iron in the ships." For, given the men, all the rest follows. Given the clear intellect accustomed to visualize the realities of material defence, it is not likely that the requisite material will be lacking at the right time; given alert, concentrated and constructive genius in our producers and traders, the statistics of imports and exports will go by themselves. The test of perfecting men is that by which civilization must stand or fall.

Though the War has vividly demonstrated its importance, the problem has been always with us, and its urgency was being realized to an increasing extent in the opening years of the present century. Its solution was sought by a variety of paths, not to speak of short cuts. Conspicuous among these was the cult of all sorts of Oriental magic and occultism, often ridiculously travestied, and debased to the lowest purposes of material greed. We have seen books, bearing the

name of Pundit this or Swami that, whose appeal ran very much on the following lines: "We have now put before you the secret principles of the Hathi Yoga. We leave the rest to you. You are a practical man. You have paid a dollar for this book. Well then, get your dollar's worth of efficiency by making these principles part of your daily life . . ." and so on.

Then there is the school of thought that designates itself as "higher" or "new," which consists in the jaunty advocacy of certain more or less trite generalizations accompanied by a boisterous optimism about things in general. For the most part, though it has its value as a tonic, its precepts are too vague and too facile to merit very serious consideration. Often they will not bear too close an examination.

To say that "thoughts are things" is, if we are to attach any intelligible meaning to it, the expression of a fallacy that underlies a good deal of the most primitive superstition. Any sort of optimism is preferable to the gloom and hell-thunder of the cruder travesties of religion, but the mere noisy assertion of smooth things is too transparent an evasion of reality to form the basis of a new gospel.

Less ambitious in scope, but more seriously to be reckoned with, have been the various attempts to apply scientific methods to the training of the

mind, with a view to turning out efficient men with the same precision as we turn out efficient machinery. And this has given rise to a notable phenomenon, that of the secret mind or memory systems, the growth of which has been so conspicuous of recent years. There is something about these up-to-date products of commercial enterprise oddly reminiscent of the initiation ceremonies of ancient priestcraft. The candidate is bound, by solemn promise, and under dire penalties, to divulge to the outside world no portion of the mysteries to be revealed to him. He is to submit himself to a course of discipline under the superintendence of appointed teachers; powers beyond the reach of ordinary mortals are to be the reward of his devotion or his fee; rods are to be turned to serpents, incomes to be trebled or quadrupled in a few months, elderly colonels to see visions, and chartered accountants to dream dreams. And, just as the mysteries of Horus and Siva were heightened by architecture and elaborate ceremonial, so the suggestive potencies of modern advertisement are pressed into the service of the modern arcana, scientifically, persistently, and with calculated lavishness. The parallel is curiously exact, especially when we remember that mental and mnemonic training was a feature of the old, as of the modern secret doctrine. And we have no reason to be-

lieve that the former was not as efficient in its methods and results as its modern representative.

It would be unjust to speak of these mysteries, ancient or modern, as if they were merely worthless, sheer impositions upon human credulity. The old priest, for all his abracadabra, was often the most educated man of his time, and it is impossible to believe that, from all the pains and money that have been expended in perfecting secret mind systems, no better result has been attained than a few windy advertisements. We have no doubt whatever that much that these systems set forth is unexceptionally sound, that numbers of their students have derived a certain benefit from the knowledge imparted therein, or at least from their own exertions in pursuit of it. For we have to note this essential advantage of the secret course; the student, once he has paid down a substantial number of hard-earned dollars, is fairly certain to exert himself with proportionate strenuousness to recover his money's worth, or at least to persuade himself that he has done so. Being human, he is not going to admit to himself, still less to his friends, that he has thrown his money into the gutter. Suggestion is already at work, quite irrespective of the system on its merits. A bread pill, stuck together with soap, has been known to work miracles of healing, where faith is not lacking. Smith is now

a Jonesite, a very different order of being from his fellow clerks, and he buckles to with unprecedented energy. When, by luck or merit, or in the ordinary course of things, he gets a rise of salary, he proudly and verbosely attributes the result to Jones and his system, and Smith's testimony, being published, is read by Robinson, who in turn becomes a Jonesite, and so the ball is kept rolling.

This much, then, can be claimed for the secret mind system: it has induced people to pay serious attention to their minds who would not have done so otherwise, and thereby made for an increase of efficiency in a certain proportion of its devotees. It is, in effect, a mental patent medicine, neither more nor less, and patent medicines have their uses. But whatever advantages it may possess are outweighed, we think, by certain grave objections, which are inseparable from all such remedies, mental no less than physical.

It has tended to create the impression that there is some secret formula, some trick, known to the authors of the system, but hidden from the world at large, by which mental difficulties may be surmounted. The ordinary man dearly loves a mystery, and the prospect of a short cut possesses for him an irresistible attraction. Long before the advent of modern chemistry or medicine, people were confidently expecting the

discovery of a stone that should change lead to gold, or a mixture that should make men live for ever. It was more attractive, even at the price of damnation, to summon the devil to cut the knot, than patiently to untie it according to one's ability. The books of modern psychologists seem dull, not to say damping, in their lack of sensational expedients. But the Jones special methods, about which the candidate for efficiency knows nothing, but which are fraught with a promise of income thirty-fold, sixty-fold, or a hundred-fold, foreshadow far more striking results than mere humdrum effort in the wake of accessible authorities.

Nor is this all, for however strenuously Jones may aim at perfecting his system, it is practically forced upon him to play up to the expectations of his audience. For consider what his proposal comes to. He proposes to sell knowledge that would cost, let us say, half-a-dollar if published in the ordinary market, for a sum many times that. The only possible inducement for anybody to purchase Jones's book upon these terms is the prospect of finding therein something the like of which he could not possibly obtain by any other means. In other words, it is claimed, openly or implicitly, that there is a short cut to mental efficiency and its consequent financial advantages of which Jones, and only Jones, pos-

sesses the secret. Now if one thing is more certain than another, it is that such short cuts to knowledge, in the mental or any other sphere, do not exist, and that to follow them is to forsake the sound path in order to chase will o' the wisps.

There is an even greater objection to secret mind systems. Conducted, as they are, as commercial ventures, appealing, as they needs must, to the motives likeliest to impel the maximum number of pupils, they can hardly fail to exalt success, in its most material and egotistic form, almost to the dignity of a religion. This might do little enough harm if it were a mere question of acquiring a few business tips, but when it becomes a complete training of the mind and will, the inevitable orientation towards greed becomes a phenomenon of the most serious import. The priest or clergyman may possibly not appeal to everybody as the most up-to-date of spiritual guides, but there are few who will want to put the business man, impelled by business motives, into his place. To whatever system of religion or irreligion we choose to subscribe, it is the teaching of all sound mental study that a life starved of charity and public spirit is a life arrested, unhealthy and unhappy, a burden in itself and a diseased member of society. Mental efficiency directed to unworthy ends is like a

revolver in the possession of a burglar. And when control of will, sympathy and personal magnetism are treated merely as so many levers of income, mental systems may take the form of an actual menace to society.

The problem before us, then, is the most important that this or any age can be called upon to grapple, it is nothing more nor less than the right ordering of the mind, by right effort directed efficiently to right ends. "Be ye perfect" was the precept of the greatest of all seers into human nature, and it is by no less an ideal that a man should be fired. But where shall we find the perfect man, and under what forms shall we conceive of him? There is no fixed type of perfection, the glory of the celandine is not that of the rose, nor is the ideal captain of industry indistinguishable from the ideal poet. But allowing for all differences of individuality, the basic facts of human nature are the same, we are men before we are soldiers or artists or tradesmen. And it is with these basic facts that we are here concerned; anybody can make the necessary adjustments to his own special circumstances.

Perfection, then, we may define as the healthy and harmonious development of all the faculties, mental and bodily, the fullest possible realization of the powers for good latent within us. The perfect man is he who will get the best out of him-

self, who will employ every moment to the utmost conceivable advantage. He will be free from all rough edges and eccentricities, one part of his nature will not be overdeveloped at the expense of the rest; his body will be the instrument and not the tyrant of his mind; his mind will be supple and efficient, sensitive to receive, strong to retain, nor will it burn away its light in darkness unperceived, but find appropriate and beautiful expression in word and deed; perfectly in command of himself, he will inevitably inspire respect in others; breadth of outlook will accompany greatness of soul, the whole world will scarcely be wide enough to contain his sympathy, and yet he will be the most passionate of lovers, the most devoted of friends; creative energy will ensure him success in whatever calling he may take up, and yet miserliness and cunning will be far beneath him; strength will be made perfect in gentleness, goodness sweetened by beauty. Such is the ideal. How far, by taking thought, its realization may be advanced, the following pages will endeavour to show.

THE OPEN ROAD TO MIND TRAINING

I

THE PHYSICAL BASIS

The relation of the mind to the body has always been a subject of controversy. To the old theologians of the middle ages and to Hindu holy men to-day, the body is more or less of a nuisance, to be mortified and subdued by every possible means. To wear a hair shirt, and to walk to Canterbury with peas in one's shoes, was counted for virtue, and it is related of Thomas à Becket that when, after his murder, the monks stripped him and found the vermin crawling next to his skin, they exclaimed in rapture, "We never knew till now what a saint we had among us!" The poor body was treated as an enemy, and even to this day the flesh is bracketed, by orthodox teaching, with the Devil as a mere source of temptation.

The ordinary man of to-day has, by this time,

fairly boxed the compass upon these notions of virtue. Whatever theory he may profess to hold, in practice he is all for exalting the body at the expense of the mind. He sends his boys to schools where the masters are chosen as much for athletic as for bookish proficiency, and now the girls' schools are falling into line, and becoming "sensible" and hockey-playing; he cuts short his hours of business in order to reduce his handicap on the links, and his table talk becomes a fearsome medley of stymies and push shots with the cleek. He is, in practice, thoroughly convinced that to cultivate a healthy body is the one thing needful, all that is necessary to the mind will follow of itself. And if he reads of antiquated business methods, or of thousands of lives being sacrificed by the blunder of some clean-limbed, healthy-minded product of the playing fields, he reflects—or rather he evades the problem by not reflecting at all.

The great advances that have been made in biological science, following on the researches of Darwin, have greatly strengthened the tendency to regard the mind as a mere function of the body. We know now that nothing can take place mentally apart from the brain, that a surgeon of sufficient skill and fiendishness could reduce any man to a drivelling idiot by the right sort of operation. It was an expedient known

to the Mogul Kings of India, who used to break down the minds as well as the bodies of dangerous prisoners by giving them "pousht," a decoction of crushed poppies. A close study of psychology has revealed that mental and even moral states may vary from hour to hour, one might almost say from moment to moment, according to the condition of the body.

The practical recognition of this fact is more widespread than its acceptance in theory. It is notorious that the favourite hour for military surprises is that which precedes the dawn, when the vital functions are at their lowest ebb, and when, therefore, panic is most easily spread. Mr. Fortescue, the historian has shown how this advantage was exploited by that astute Israelite commander, Gideon, who brought off the most perfectly conceived surprise attack on record against the Midianites. The city man, who wants to put through some important business deal, knows that the best way to get the other party into an accommodating mood is to provide him with as good a lunch as possible.

The pendulum, which once swung towards the exaltation of the soul over the body, has now gone equally far in the opposite direction, and the tendency is to assert that the mind is as much a function of the body as digestion, that the mind is, in fact the grey matter of the brain. This we

believe to be on a par with the assertion that the pianist is the piano. With the ultimate relations of the mind to the body we are, however, in no way concerned. For all practical purposes we can take it as a certain truth that the mind acts only through the body, and that the first requisite of an efficient mind is, therefore, an efficient body. This, however, is a very different thing from asserting that the cultivation of an efficient body is the goal of human existence.

Such an exaltation of the body was, however, not far removed from the ideal of Athens in her palmiest days. In the sculpture of Phidias and his contemporaries the soul was expressed not only in the face, but in the poise and every muscle of the body. The good, wise face of the Æsculapius in the Elgin Marbles is not more expressive than the back of the Theseus and the headless torso of the Ilyssus. In Michelangelo this gracious and harmonious cult of the body is transmuted into something at once more Titanic and more spiritualized than anything dreamed of by the Greeks. Tempestuous thoughts are vocal in huge muscles and gigantic limbs, and a tenderness, unknown to the Grecian mind, is expressed in the drooping, piteous body of the dead Christ.

The tendency of our own day is, as we have seen, towards the cult of the body, but how different, and how much less attractive, is our

body-worship from that of classical Athens and Renaissance Italy! The very ideals at which we aim would have been rejected with horror by any people possessing an innate sense of beauty. We have all seen the advertisements of strong men, vast of body and slow of movement, with muscles piled on like the excrescences of some loathsome disease. "This," grins the monster from his hoarding, "have I accomplished by daily use of patent food and dumb-bells. Go thou and do likewise!" Many of us have reason to remember those long half-hours and mornings in the barrack square or gymnasium, what time an efficiently stentorian sergeant ground accurately through his mechanical horror of Table A and Table B, whereby some would be consigned to the doctor, others to the company orderly room, and all to the inferno of boredom. It is a strange instance of the workings of the official, which is the unimaginative mind, that it should have occurred to no one that the use of music, which notoriously robs marching of half its tedium, was equally applicable to "physical jerks"—significant phrase! Nor is the idea even a new one. The men who fought under Leonidas and Miltiades had certainly trained their bodies to the music of flutes.

It is by no means our intention to pour scorn on all modern systems of physical culture. That

the body should be cared for at all is a step in the right direction. With all its faults, the army system has worked wonders on weedy recruits, and the tendency has been to improve with the advance of time. The Müller system, by a Danish officer, marked an advance on the mere cult of muscle that it superseded. Some of the exercises, and particularly the pauses for scientific breathing, seem to us unnecessarily cumbrous and pedantic, and the Müller system is far from being the thing of grace and beauty that would have taken the Greek imagination. But the idea of combining skin massage with the exercises was an excellent innovation, and Lieutenant Müller at least does not hold up the ideal of muscular incontinence which is so blatantly mischievous.

Of the army system we must remember that it is imposed for a particular purpose, and suffers from inevitable limitations. The military instructor is not out to produce beautiful bodies or perfect men, but to turn out, at short notice, a human machine capable of holding a rifle steady through a burst of rapid fire, and burying a bayonet in the body of the nearest enemy. He has also to deal with men in the mass, some of whom are frankly only interested in getting through the grind with as little exertion as possible. He cannot, therefore, leave much to

his pupils' own discretion and interest, he is driven back on routine movements whose performance by a squad of men he can easily check. But for the individual, anxious to make the best of himself physically, the important point is not half so much what movements he performs as the spirit in which he performs them.

The besetting weakness of practically all modern physical training is, that it starts elaborating the means without ever considering the end to be attained. It is like the man who jumps into any train that he sees about to start, irrespective of its destination. That man's conduct is hardly more ridiculous than his, who plunges into all sorts of physical effort without even considering whether the most complete success will leave him any better off than he was before. For to what end are all these press-ups and contortions made? To making the body strong, strong enough to lift great weights, to transport itself in record time. But even if we could train ourselves to heave with the elephant and butt with the bull, it is doubtful, at least, whether we should improve our physical stamina, and very certain that we should ruin ourselves mentally. The muscular prodigy is not even long-lived, the strain of pumping blood to such an enormous mechanism has probably proved beyond the resources of an

overtaxed heart. The muscles themselves, once their use is relaxed, turn to fat and cumber the body with useless weight. What is obviously abnormal is seldom healthy.

The effects of excessive muscular development on the mind are a matter of common experience. After all, man has only a certain income of energy, which cannot be increased beyond certain limits, and if the whole of this is put into body, not much is likely to be left over for mind. A hard day on the road or the hunting field is not the best preparation for a studious evening. The tired and, where fatigue has been excessive, poisoned muscles want all the reserve energy there is going to restore them to their proper tone. The brain, like an unselfish comrade, prefers to sleep or drowse in order to absorb a minimum of the necessary supplies. Nor is this a mere matter of abstract theory. Ask any undergraduate whether the rowing men are the intellectual cream of his college, ask any candid bachelor whether the golf and hockey girls of his acquaintance are, as a rule, the clever ones (he may prefer those who are not clever, but that is another matter). The battle of Waterloo may have been won on playing fields, but the great war of the twentieth century was won by a professor of military history.

To the average man, who is neither a pro-

fessional at some game nor the strong man at a fair, physical development and proficiency are not ends in themselves, but means to an end. To what end? Surely none more acceptable could be named than that propounded by Pericles to the Athenians, "beauty without extravagance, contemplation without unmanliness." Our object is not to produce champions or record breakers, but men and women, beautiful in mind and body, harmoniously adjusted to their surroundings, strong to endure and to create. The aim of life is nothing less than perfection.

In this we may take a lesson from the Greeks. Worshippers of the body as they were, no people had less admiration for the merely strong man. Even about their figures of Heracles there is something deliberately heavy and brutal, he is not beautiful like Hermes and Apollo. In looking at the Discobolus we do not ask ourselves whether the throw is likely to be a record, we admire the grace and nobility, what the Greek would have called "eurhythmia," or lovely rhythm in every curve of the marble. Mere beef-witted muscularity would have struck these sculptors as barbarous and uninteresting.

So that the problem before us is this: granting that the first requisite of an efficient mind is an efficient body, what sort of body shall we aim at producing, and what sort of training shall we

employ? The middle way is obviously the one to be preferred, avoiding the extremes of developing the body at the expense of the mind, and of neglecting the body and therefore undermining the foundations on which the mind is built. There is a physical no less than a political economy, and the essence of it is a wise moderation.

We have seen to what an extent our physical energy varies from time to time. There are moments when we feel capable of any brilliance, ideas seem to come of themselves, we are like mental giants refreshed with wine; far more frequently, it is to be feared, we are feeling dull and slack, incapable of concentrating our minds on the task in hand, palpably devoid of energy. Well, then, the problem we have to solve is how to have the maximum energy at command to expend at the right time and in the right direction, how to ensure that we shall go through our daily round with that assurance of health and happiness that is the hall-mark of success.

Of all the factors that generate human energy, the most important is sleep. All day long we have, so to speak, been spending in excess of our income. We have been putting forth energy into every sort of effort, from that of merely standing or sitting up to that of making a century or anticipating the movements of the

money-market. The end of the day finds our powers at a low ebb, we are more or less "cleaned out," heavy eyelids and a suppressed tendency to yawn are nature's warning that we have spent enough, for the nonce, and that it is time to cut down our expenditure to a level below that of our income. Accordingly, if we are wise, we cut off every activity during the next seven or eight hours except those which, like breathing and the heart's action, are absolutely necessary to keep the concern going. The work of repair now commences in good earnest, muscles and brain are restocked with energy, until the body, having renewed its wealth and effected all the repairs it needs, spontaneously stops the process of recuperation, and calls on brain and muscle to enjoy these new hoards that the night has accumulated.

This is not a medical treatise, and it is no part of our intention to discuss the hygiene of sleep and of getting to sleep. What concerns us here is to indicate the necessity of giving the body the utmost chance of renewing its stores of energy, and the disastrous folly of seeking to evade this first demand of nature. It is possible to procure drafts on our capital after our income is used up by the employment of stimulants, by taking advantage of the deceptive energy that sometimes ensues after a nap in one's chair late at

night, or by the deliberate whittling down of sleep. All of these methods may be used with advantage on special occasions and for important objects, just as it may be wise, on occasion, to draw upon one's capital, but in the physical even more quickly than in the financial world, the inevitable result of making this a habit is sheer bankruptcy and ruin.

The next builder of energy is, of course, food, and the subject of dietetics is becoming fashionable. We have seldom, however, met a really healthy man or woman who has been greatly concerned about statistics of food values, and still less about such fads as nut sausages and protoplasmic sirloins. The average healthy Philistine would, if you were to demonstrate the advantages of these things over roast beef and stuffed turkey, tell you bluntly that he would prefer a short life and a Christian one. Those who instance the advantages derived from vegetarianism in India can have little knowledge of the generally poor physique of the Hindu as compared even with that of his flesh-eating Mahommedan compatriot. Soldiers on going out to India are warned that to strike a Hindu on the body is to risk a fatal injury, as he is more likely than not to be suffering from an enlarged spleen.

A more reasonable cult is that which has come

to bear the name of Mr. Horace Fletcher, and consists in the habit of eating food slowly. This is no doubt excellent advice and, if carried out, it not only facilitates digestion, but imposes a necessary limit on the size of a meal, if it is not to extend for an hour or so after everybody else has finished. Mr. Gladstone, a grand old man physically as well as mentally, is said to have bitten every mouthful of his food thirty-three times. We can well believe it, but then few of us are possessed of the self-conscious virtue of Gladstone and his age. The best that the ordinary man can do in the way of dietetics is to follow the precept of the apostle to be temperate in all things, to eat reasonably slowly, to drink, in the Chinaman's words, not for drunkee but for drinkee, and, with these provisos, to eat, drink and be merry, seeing that there is one end alike for the carnivorous and the vegetarian.

The third factor in producing energy is air. Of late years the value of fresh air has been so generally recognized that to expatiate on its merits would seem almost platitudinous. If anybody is still in doubt as to the effects of its deprivation, he has only to sample for an hour or two the breaths of several hundred fellow-seekers after truth in a crowded hall. To open the windows on all reasonable occasions, to travel on the tops of buses instead of inside, to live in the

most untainted and strengthening atmosphere that can be attained in these days of little choice as to housing, are precepts as wise as they are generally accepted. But to prescribe elaborate exercises in deep breathing, or in filling the lungs in three different ways, is something not far removed from quackery. To quote from the Manual of Military Hygiene, which on this subject appears to be both sensible and conclusive: "So-called breathing exercises are unnecessary. The rate and depth of breathing are determined by the condition of the blood, and are adjusted to such a nicety that no artificial method can ever be an improvement."

As to exercise, we have so far only touched on the evils of its cult when pursued as an end in itself, but as a means for stimulating the vital functions and keeping the body fit and in good tone it is almost a necessity of life. And exercise is good almost directly in proportion to its pleasantness. We shall have enough to say later about the subconscious, here it is only necessary to remark that what we force ourselves painfully to do calls only our conscious activities into play, whereas what is done of good grace, automatically enlists the co-operation of those deeper powers of which we have ordinarily no more control than over the beating of our hearts. This is why games, as a general rule, are so much more

valuable than merely formal or gymnastic exercises.

At the same time, it undoubtedly conduces to the health of brain-workers, especially city men and the like who have little time to spare for games, to start the day by devoting a few minutes to some simple physical exercises, the more simple and the less cumbered by apparatus the better. No one who has been in the army will have much difficulty in working out a system for himself, the chief object being to bring as many muscles as possible into play in the minimum time. It is no bad idea to combine some of the familiar trunk-twisting, arm-flinging and knee-bending "stunts" with a few of the Müller skin exercises. But in this every man must consult his preferences and his common sense. One most important hint, however, may be given—always have a watch handy, with a seconds hand, and without ever scamping your exercises, time them. It is amazing how much, with practice, you will be able to crowd into the modest span of five minutes. It lends a zest to the performance which it would otherwise have lacked, and it is both an inducement to, and an index of, concentration. You will soon find that the least wandering of thought reflects itself in the prolongation of the exercise beyond the allotted time. For the rest, all windows should be open, and the

costume approximate as nearly as possible to that of our first parents.

Of special problems of hygiene such as the care of the skin and teeth, hot or cold baths, clothing and the like, space forbids us to treat. To secure the best possible conditions for bodily and mental health should obviously be the aim of every prudent person. But the ordinary man or woman is far from being the chooser of his or her own conditions; knowing the good, they are forced to put up with the bad because that is all they can afford. It is a cynical saying, but one not altogether devoid of truth, that the best doctor of all is a good income.

After all, the very worst thing we can do for our health is to think too much about it. The man who is constantly agitating himself and everybody else about his bodily welfare is likely, before very long, to have something worth agitating about. "Take no thought for the morrow" is the counsel, not only of divine wisdom, but of human prudence. When all is said and done, perhaps the most essential thing of all for health is simply happiness. The vast power of suggestion, even in the physical realm, is more and more coming to be recognized, and a happy disposition is a perpetual suggestion to oneself and others of well-being. There are some people whose very presence acts as a tonic.

"Give not over thy soul to sorrow," counsels that serene old Hebrew gentleman whose wisdom, so worldly and so mellow, is treasured in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, "and afflict not thyself in thine own counsel. Gladness of heart is the life of a man; and the joyfulness of a man is length of days. Love thine own soul, and comfort thy heart; and remove sorrow far from thee; for sorrow hath destroyed many, and there is no profit therein. Envy and wrath shorten a man's days, and care bringeth old age before the time."

II

THE SENSITIVE MIND

WHATEVER the ultimate truth of the matter may be, for our purposes the body may be treated as the vehicle of the mind, or the instrument upon which the mind plays, and it is with the mind that we shall henceforth be concerned. We shall study its workings bit by bit, from their beginning in sense impressions to their fruition in creative action. But the sections into which we shall divide our task are largely artificial, the mind is an absolute unity, and there is no break whatever in the transition from sense to action. It is impossible to break off the process at any point; as surely as the faintest impression is received into our minds, will that impression find an outlet in some sort of action, even if this takes the purely negative form of checking some other action. We may act in ways too insignificant and too futile to seem worth our notice, a thrill or gesture may be all we shall vouchsafe by way of response, but respond we shall, and we can no more stop the process than we can prevent the sun from rising.

Thus we wander through a perpetual minute bombardment of impressions from the outer world, not one of which ever leaves us quite as we were before. The scent of a rose, the sight of an old friend, some ugly or gentle act, every sight we see, every sound we hear, are absorbed into our being and change us either for better or worse. It is as if each one of these sights and sounds were to confront us and say: "Make what you will of me, but henceforth you will never be what you were before, never the same again." But it is for us, and not for our visitor to determine what sort of a different human being shall survive the meeting.

The whole effect of an impression may not immediately be transmuted into action. Part of it may be detained, so to speak, and put out of sight, below the surface, into the subconscious. There it is far from being lost or even idle. Those recesses of the mind, which were hardly suspected before the twentieth century, are now beginning to be explored, and they are a scene of constant and varied activity. They are like the kitchens and workshops, unseen but essential. There most of the mind's work gets done, often, literally, while we sleep. The brain, like the management of a business, turns a good part of its raw material over to the works to be made up. The transition from impression to action may

thereby be delayed indefinitely, but nothing is lost, and sooner or later the subconscious, having completed its work, will send it out into the world, often in such an altered form as to be unrecognizable to the conscious side.

We shall, then, start at the beginning with the raw material of all knowledge, which consists of the impressions we receive from the outer world. Mark that word *receive,* because by far the greater part of the impressions that present themselves to our senses are never received, or perceived, at all, or the impression they make is so faint and shadowy that we are not conscious of having had it, though that is no bar to its bringing forth fruit in action. It may be possible to go for a walk among hedges bursting into flowers, under cloud patterns of evershifting beauty, and to be as blind and deaf to all these things as if we were corpses in the grave. An aeroplane, let us say, buzzes low down over our walker's head and, attracted by the sound, he looks up, pronounces that it is a Handley Page, and comes home, bursting with the incident, to his wife and children. His old spaniel, who never condescended to look up at the aeroplane, has been poking all the time about the hedges, and collecting a rich anthology of smells, which he lies down by the fire and dreams upon, until someone has to wake him up. However dull our

surroundings, we do not actually perceive the hundredth part of what is there, and it is only what we perceive that has the least importance for us.

How great is this importance will be clear not only from the fact that everything we perceive modifies our whole being, but because all that we think and do is derived, in the first instance, from sense impressions. These are like the food of the mind, and if we were to be deprived of them we should sooner or later starve, or be reduced to working up the same old memories again and again, until at last we had come to live among a few distorted and fading images, and had got so far out of touch with reality as to be scarcely human. Something like this state is that aimed at, and attained, by devotees, who withdraw themselves deliberately from the world, sitting cross-legged for years and looking crosswise at the tips of their noses.

Thus we see that ideas may be derived either directly through the senses from the outer world, or indirectly from what the mind has stored or worked up of previous sense impressions. Corresponding to these we may distinguish among individuals and still more markedly among nations two main types of temperament, which we may designate as the objective and the subjective, or, more plainly, the matter-of-fact

and the dreamy. Of the objective or matter-of-fact type the English temperament is, and always has been, a conspicuous example. The average Englishman is all for facts, and as many of them as possible. He has a rooted distrust for speculation. As a philosopher the Englishman has always been for induction and experiment, from the days of old William of Occam, whose watchword was, "get rid of entities," to those of Francis Bacon, the father of scientific method, and onward to the only school of philosophy we have ever produced, the utilitarian. Abstract ideas have ever been the bugbear of the Englishman, his is not the temperament of the dreamer. He has constructed, almost by accident, the greatest empire the world has ever seen, he goes on constructing railways, clearing forests and administering justice without any clear vision why he is there and what is to be the end of it all.

> "The trivial round, the common task
> Will furnish all we need to ask,"

might not unplausibly be mistaken by a visitor from Mars for the English national anthem.

Contrast this with the other, subjective type of temperament, which finds its completest expression in the Hindu, whom the Englishman has so strangely been called upon to govern. Of

the educated Hindu it might almost be said that nothing that comes from the outside world is of the least importance to him. It is Maya, illusion, and it is the part of a wise man to put it altogether aside. The conscientious realism of English art would be unintelligible to the Hindu, he delights to make the images in his temples not like persons, but to symbolize his own ideas. Energy he will represent by giving his figures four or even more arms or legs, strength he will indicate by a leonine chest over a tapering waist, the lineage of the gods by a blue skin. So in his literature, he will delight in enormous treatises as to the meaning of the mystic word AUM, and of every letter, and of every stroke of every letter. His six systems of philosophy are marvels of ingenuity, of refinement, of classification, but to an Englishman they appear but as interminable word-spinning about nothing whatever. "Cut it short, for goodness sake, and get to business" is what we can imagine the average Englishman saying if he were ever to read (which he does not) some Vedanta or Samkhya disquisition which, to the Hindu, would appear altogether delightful and satisfying.

Now it is obvious that neither the matter-of-fact nor the dreamy temperament, if pushed to an extreme, is quite that of the perfect man. A mind that only sees what lies immediately before

it will fail when the consideration of ends becomes a necessity, it will blunder into such disasters as the loss of America, the threatened loss of Ireland, and the tragedy of Amritsar. The lack of ideas, with which the Englishman is so often reproached, is but the reverse side of his matter-of-factness. On the other hand, peoples of the dreamy temperament, like the Hindus and Celts, have suffered from an equal incapacity to adjust themselves to the practical affairs of life. They have not had enough contact with the outer world to grapple with its difficulties. Had either India or Ireland been capable of uniting, there would have been no English conquest.

Of how impressions are stored in the mind and thus become available as a secondary source of ideas we shall treat in a later chapter. Here we are concerned with that continuous inflow of impressions which is the food of the mind. By what means shall we secure that the mind is not only generously fed, but with the right food? This latter point is exceedingly important. For the mere accumulating of all sorts of impressions, without any consideration of the end to be attained, may be waste of time, or worse. A poet may have refined his senses to a point of exquisite discrimination, but this will hardly qualify him as a tea-taster; Napoleon, who could by instinct discern the essentials of a military

problem, was obtuse to the point of brutality in the perceptions proper to a gentleman. Before deciding how to sharpen our perceptions, we must first be quite clear in our own minds as to the sort of thing we want to perceive.

The problem may be simply stated as how to be sensitive to the widest possible range of the best possible impressions. For if a vague and purposeless sensibility is an evil, a too rigid specialization is at least as bad. This is a habit into which every one of us tends to fall with advancing years. The youth who, in his student days, took the whole world from the social problem to the tobacconist's daughter for his province, finds himself gliding into middle age with his opinions petrified, his interests stereotyped, and his life a routine. Time slips by him with incredible rapidity as he goes smoothly on towards the grave; to most things that make life worth living he is dead already, a walking and loquacious corpse. All that remains for his last hour to take away is but a paltry and insignificant residue of what once was a man's life. For to what we perceive we live, and to what we do not perceive we are dead.

And yet even those who make an art of perception may too often be said, like the apostle Paul, to die daily. Walter Pater, who set himself with such meticulous care to extract all that was best

from life, who was perpetually sharpening and refining his perceptions—to how much was even he unresponsive, dead! The whole subject of sex, so fruitful of inspiration for artist and poet, seems to have left him cold; the rough, virile things of mankind and nature, which were the delight of Byron, he puts from him, as if deliberately. If this be so with the master artists of life, to how much greater an extent must merely ordinary men and women go through the world alive to a few things, dead to all the rest!

At the same time, some selection we must exercise. No man that ever lived could take in everything he could see, hear, smell, touch, and taste. If he attempted to do so, he would soon be lost in the confusions of impressions. At the same time, it is open to every one of us to realize, in far more abundant measure than we do at present, the ideal expressed in the words "to have life and to have it more abundantly." The training of the senses is, in fact, two-fold in its aims. There is the special purpose of making a living, of pursuing some calling or even sport, and there is the general purpose of realizing and making the most of life.

Having, then, firmly decided what sort of thing we want to perceive, let us enquire how we are to set about training our senses to perceive it.

Had an object nothing whatever in common

with anything in our experience, it would have no existence for us. There would be no door by which it could enter the mind, nothing by which we could grasp it. We may realize this from the ease with which we forget even the most vivid dreams. For the dream world, being spun out of an uncontrolled imagination, has little in common with anything we know in our waking hours. Therefore the figures and incidents of our dreams, having few points of association with anything we know, slip from us with an ease that seems incredible when we remember how excited we were by them at the time. Paradoxical as it may sound, the mind cannot acquire anything that it does not, in a sense, possess already.

But then, if we are to be enriched by it, we must also know by what it differs, even to the shadow of a shade, from what we possessed before. If we go among a flock of sheep, they will probably strike us as being precisely similar, not only to each other, but, if we are of urban extraction, to most other sheep we have seen. Any farmer, however, will be able to tell you whether these are Welsh, or Lincolnshire, or Southdown, and to the shepherd they will be a community of ovine beings every bit as individual, and probably as interesting, as his circle of friends at the Blue Lion.

The education of children consists largely, or

ought to consist, in the mere training of these two faculties of association and discrimination. The small child hardly discriminates at all, he will call a tiger a pussy-cat; a policeman, a postman; and when he catches his first glimpse of the sea he is as likely as not to wonder who made all those soapsuds. People with childish minds, like savages, will show the same inability to discriminate, they will lump together the most dissimilar objects under some one of the very few names their language contains. Roast missionary they will describe as "long pig." And we remember the case of a Mahommedan servant who, having with great difficulty learnt the name of his master's dog, Pog, when a second dog was introduced into the house, would only refer to him by the title of "the other Pog."

Indeed, we are all more or less like this, we slip into grooves of mental routine, and jam every new fact that comes to us into a few prepared pigeon-holes of classification. In every walk of life we are committing absurdities. On the stock exchange, where people are supposed to be particularly hard-headed, men have time and again ruined themselves by supposing that because money has been made yesterday in some kind of speculation, it must necessarily be made to-morrow in something similar. It was the mistake of Germany in believing that because the

French armies had crumpled in 1870 they would do so equally quickly in 1914. They failed to discriminate, they did not perceive those qualities and advantages that France of 1914 possessed and the France of 1870 did not possess. It is this virtue of discrimination that is the element of truth in Mr. Bernard Shaw's famous epigram: "The golden rule is that there are no golden rules."

We have then to train our senses to perceive these two things, resemblances and differences. We are not concerned, as yet, with the all important task of ordering our ideas, we are beginning at the beginning with the mere keeping of our minds open to every sort of desired impression, the educating of ourselves into that alert and supple frame of mind which is always adding to its possessions. This is the very A.B.C. of mind training, and by once mastering it—a far from easy process—we shall have put ourselve far upon the road to ultimate success.

First let us suggest one very obvious expedient. The senses have been called, with complete truth, the five gates to knowledge. It would be just as well, then, if we want to give knowledge the best chance of entering in, to keep all the gates as wide open as possible. It is extraordinary how little we avail ourselves of more than one sense, usually that of sight. You may

go for a walk, on the most perfect spring day imaginable, and think that you are taking it all in. But if you can stoop to such an act of vandalism on a May morning, pause for a moment to analyse your sensations. The West Wind is making soothing music in the young larches—it is the first time you were consciously aware of it. or of the fact that it is talking quite a different language to the week-old beech leaves. You turn to the sense of smell, there is a faint, sweet scent upon the breeze, you had not noticed it before, except, perhaps, as a vague sense of being happy, but it is hawthorn, which is foaming, in wild luxuriance, over the bushes in yonder dell; there is the very perfume of youth breathed from the grass and stitchwort and parsley in the lane down which you have just turned. Nor is the sense of touch, or feeling, without its own banquet of impressions; the caress of the wind on one's cheek, the delicious springiness of the grass on the downs, the juicy coolness of the bluebell stalks. As for taste, that perforce must be out of it till lunch time, at least for non-smoking adults, for the children will tell a different story; the petals of a primrose one once esteemed tasty enough, and a sweet leaf in the grass, that we used to call sorrel, but was nothing of the kind, not to speak of the unhealthy delights of chewing grass and various kinds of twigs.

It will hardly be necessary to expatiate on the advantages to the soldier, and particularly to the scout, of keeping all his senses open. The smell of a fire, the just distinguished click of a rifle bolt, the alarmed fluttering of a bird, may be the saving of his life, and, what is far more important, of the situation for his side. The more a man's vocation takes him out of the town and into contact with nature, so much the more important does this openness of all his senses become.

The great trainer of the senses is art, a term which we use in the widest sense. The artistic temperament is naturally more sensitive than any other to the shades and niceties of impressions. To what subtle differences of sound must a Pachmann be alive, to have developed that miraculous touch! It was only by the experience of Whistler's pictures that people discovered the warmth and intensity of night colouring; it was the romantic poets at the end of the eighteenth century who first taught their generation to see the countryside, except from the point of view of the sportsman and the farmer; Keats was, of all poets that ever lived, perhaps the one with the most highly developed senses. Taste and feeling were abnormally acute with him, he could, he said, when he knew himself to be dying, feel the daisies growing over his grave. He once was

known to have smeared his tongue and throat with red pepper in order to enjoy the delicious coolness of claret. It is Ben Jonson who sings, in a love poem:

> "Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
> Or swan's down ever?
> Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar
> Or nard in the fire?
> Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
> O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!"

So that the study of art has, at least, the importance of training that sensibility to impressions which is the first requisite of an efficient mind.

The practical man may now demand that we should furnish him with something more detailed than mere general principles, some definite exercises that he can perform for himself. We may say at once that the variety of human requirements make it impossible, or, rather, quackery, to propound any fast or rigid system; the best we or anybody can do is to show him, by examples, the way he can set about fashioning exercises for himself. It must be clearly understood that we are propounding exercises for the purpose of quickening the perceptions, and not strengthening the memory or the imagination.

(I) Take any convenient object, let us say a

flower, and try to jot down either on paper or, if that be preferred, mentally, exactly what you perceive about it. Keep the flower in sight, for this is an exercise in perception only, and be careful to note what you actually perceive, and not what you may happen to know about its name and nature. Note its form, its colour, and be careful that this is the colour you actually see at the moment, under existing conditions of light and shadow. Then note the scent, not only of the blossom but of the stalk, and if you have it, of the root, and try to find what other scent it most resembles, and in what exactly it differs from this (the scents of woodsage and of hop, for instance, are extremely similar, though hop is slightly the stronger and keener of the two). Then bring the sense of touch into play, observe what of roughness or dampness or velvety feeling there may be. After one or two attempts you will find it marvellous how little you have been in the habit of observing about the commonest things.

(2) Pass on from inanimate to animate objects. Try the experiment on your dog, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. Study his little idiosyncrasies, the cock of his ears, the poise of his tail, the pitch and quality of his bark, as compared with that of the dog next door. The odds are that you will soon be able to say to him,

like Napoleon to Carnot, *"Je vous ai connu trop tard."* Do not make too solemn or formal a business of all this, try it on your walks, at odd moments; do not on any account allow it to become a nuisance. The more you are enjoying it the more good you will be deriving, and to enrich your store of experience, to live more abundantly than ever before, is surely of all paths the most delightful.

(3) Now pass on to mankind. There are a thousand points of interest, even in those you know best, that have completely escaped you. There are otherwise excellent husbands who do not even know the colour of their wives' eyes. Bring as many senses as possible into play, though, unless this book should chance to circulate in the Pacific islands, we must make an exception of taste. Would you know your friend's step on the stair, and if so—by what difference from those of others? There may be a world of meaning, too, as every accomplished coquette knows, in the pressure of a hand. Voice will well repay a study; a sudden loudening and, at the same time, a heightening of pitch is one of the surest signs of relaxed self-control; vowel intonations are another respect in which not only the different orders of society, but even families are often distinguished from each other. You can extend the list indefinitely.

(4) Now make your own special applications of this principle of sharpening your senses to the utmost point of alertness and refinement. Try it in your business or profession, take careful stock of everything and everybody with whom you have to deal, your employer, your fellow clerks, prospective purchasers or clients, as the case may be. Cultivate the eye and ear that nothing relevant escapes. If you are an officer, do not fail to observe the signs of the sky, the lie of the country, the distances of objects, the suitability of roads for heavy traffic and of the soil for digging. If you are artistically or poetically inclined, see that nothing that is of beauty or vital significance escapes you. Let your sensitiveness to clouds and mists be that of a Shelley; to mountains, that of a Wordsworth; to colours, that of a Titian; to the organ tunes of metre, that of a Milton; to the delights of vintage long cooled in the earth and the bursting of grapes against the palate, that of a Keats.

(5) There is the question of how far it is expedient to record these experiences, and in what form. This, again, everybody must judge for himself according to his temperamental requirements. To keep a written record, a sort of diary of impressions, may be a fascinating task to some, to others it may soon prove a bore. If you have the least talent in that direction, the taking even

of the crudest sketch may be invaluable. But it must never be forgotten that your sketch records the impressions of sight only, whereas what we aim at is acquiring treasure from the outer world through every possible entrance.

(6) The sense of taste has, for obvious reasons, been somewhat neglected in our suggested programme. Even Gargantua could not eat everything he came across. But the cultivation and refinement of taste is not only pleasureable in itself, but of the utmost importance to health. The palate was given us in order that we might retain our food long enough in our mouths to get it well mixed with saliva, and if we determine to enjoy our food to the utmost, we shall be more aiding our digestion than by determining to take thirty-three bites, or conforming to this, that or the other fussy requirement. The conquest of greed does not consist in the bolting of one's food, and the *gourmet* is a very different being from the *gourmand.*

We have now, we trust, put the aspirant after perfection upon a path which is, in literal truth, that of life. Even if he goes no further than the mere use and refinement of his senses he has achieved much, enough to make him, with perseverance, into a transformed and generally happier being. Not always, alas, because to some

lives increase of sensibility may be increase of sorrow. But even then, it is worth while, so long as it is better to be alive than dead, and nobler to be man, even in sorrow, than a satisfied brute.

III

IMAGINATION AND SYMPATHY

So far we have dealt with the raw material of the mind. The more of this we can contrive to absorb in the form of impressions, the richer, mentally, shall we be, but riches are only good as we have power to use them, and even in the Chicago meat factories time and complex processes must intervene between the pig and the sausage tin. We have seen how impressions are passed into the mind by the senses, how the process is started which must, sooner or later, find an outlet in action. It is now for the mind to make the best of what it has received, to combine the new impression with others, to quicken or retard the transition, and to determine to what end the action shall be directed.

We have spoken about combining the new impression with those that have gone before, a quite obvious necessity unless we are to live from moment to moment like automata, reacting at once in a given way to a given stimulus—you put a penny in the slot and out comes a chocolate or a cigar. Something like this must be the condition of those most primitive of all animals, like lumps

of jelly drifting about in the sea, blindly closing on such food as comes within touch, and as blindly leaving behind the unabsorbed residue. And yet even here some sense of continuity must exist; in some way too vague and shadowy for us to have any conception of it, a record of past meals must be kept, improved methods and bodily structure evolved, progress made, perhaps to such beautiful marine forms as coral and sea-anemone, perhaps to man himself.

Now to us, who possess a vital equipment out of all conception more perfect than that of our protozoic forebears, the same problem presents itself of storing our impressions and linking them on to others. We have to make certain that what we receive from the senses shall not slip out of the mind as fast as it gets in, shall not start off an action before we have any time to make either it or the action our own.

A young soldier, let us say, starts out for a long march with water-bottle full. It is not long before the very vivid impressions that he derives from the sun and the clouds of dust prompt him to react in the most obvious way, by having a good pull at the bottle. If he is a man of unimaginative temperament and little inured to discipline, he may give the impression of thirst a free run to its immediate satisfaction. But if we give our man the credit of a little self-control or

soldierly spirit, that impression will never have the chance to run this disastrous course. It will at once be diverted by others, that are waiting in his mind to deal with it. He has seen, or heard described, or perhaps even felt, the more acute pangs of him who comes to the height of an anything but perfect day without water in his bottle or the means of replenishing it. In his mind's eye, he actually sees himself in this predicament, with his mind's nervous system he feels it and likes it not at all. Or perhaps visions of the company orderly room come before him, the inconveniences that follow wilful disobedience of orders, old experiences which he so combines as to see himself "on the mat." And so that outlet to action is stopped; not but that the impression of thirst must find its outlet, perhaps in the form of unpublishable language, perhaps by an exaggerated cheerfulness bursting forth into song, perhaps by a mere stiffening of the upper lip and general bracing of himself together to resist temptation.

Here we have an instance of a man whose past impressions have not been wasted, but stored up in the mind and kept ready for use. Now the faculty of which we are about to treat is that which performs the all-important process of preserving impressions in the mind, and of enabling us to revive them at any time almost as vividly

as if they had come direct from the outer world. This is the imagination or image-forming faculty, and we shall come to see, it is the very corner-stone of any sound system of mind-training, and particularly of training the memory.

Naturally, if impressions are stored in the mind in such a form that they retain a large measure of their original distinctness of outline, they will be there for the memory to choose and take out whenever they are required. If, on the other hand, their outlines are vague and blurred, if they are merely names or abstract, generalized notions, their images will, in a short time, become so formless and featureless that when we want to recall them we shall not be able to find or recognize them. If we meet some one in the street and merely note at the time that we have met a man, we shall soon cease to distinguish him from other men, and the whole impression will be lost in a blur of others equally vague; but if we happen to notice that he is possessed of small grey eyes that squint, a large and bulbous red nose with a wart on the left side of the tip, prominent front teeth, one of which is stopped with gold, an albert watch chain, a green bow tie obviously made up in the shop, and so on, and so forth, it will be strange indeed if we fail to remember him for some considerable time to come.

The average memory system breaks down

through its neglect of this most vital of all functions of the mind. The "catenations" that it suggests are founded on associations that to the average man are purely logical or merely punning, and are, in all probability, visualized or seen with the mind's eye only to the faintest extent. We take an example from a little book of Mr. Eustace Miles called "How to Remember." He is suggesting a method of remembering the headings of Roman history, not by understanding the facts, but by "linking" the words together on the Loisette system, a sad instance, at best, of misdirected ingenuity. He wants to take his pupil by easy stages from "Geography" to the "backward state of the age," and this is how he does it:

"Geography—rough—uncouth and backward —backward state of the age."

The first thing that strikes us about this exercise is that, instead of learning two things naturally, we have now got to learn four artificially. "Geography," one can imagine our pupil saying to himself, in the examination room, as he casts about for the next link—"Geography!" Some image he must see, however vaguely, as he repeats this blessed word—perhaps of a large, mustard-coloured book of austere lack of interest, out of which his governess was wont to cull snippets for him to learn by heart, perhaps of a globe, perhaps of the geography class in his old school.

"Geography"—what? Perhaps book or globe would be a natural association, one that he could see, or imagine, but how shall we see "rough," or roughness when he sees geography, unless, perhaps, "Rough" was the name of a puppy who had eaten the geography book! But suppose he remembers "rough" by the only other method we conceive of, namely, by consulting his shirt cuff, how is he to get on to the double link "uncouth and backward." "Rough" is logically much the same thing as "uncouth," and this is all very well for a few minutes, but a week afterwards, when our pupil says over the word to himself, the chances are about one in a hundred that he will ever think of "uncouth," or remember that this is right if he does think of it. "Rough—yes—rough and ready—old dog Rough—rough on rats—no, that's not it—a rough house—Addington Ruffets—rough copy—and may Heaven shower all its blessings on . . ."—but to pursue the matter further is unprofitable.

The trouble with all these plausible-seeming methods is that they pay the minimum of attention to that visualizing or imaginative faculty which, we have said, is the corner-stone of all sound mental training. It is no good knowing a thing unless you can see it, or, at least, make an image of it, for the other senses can, to a smaller extent, record their own images. Musicians, in

particular, have a power of imagining sounds as vivid and detailed as that which other men possess of seeing mental pictures. In the most widely celebrated of his lyrics, Mr Yeats sings:

"I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

There is an imagination of touch, too, as in the historical instance of a man who, tied up and blindfolded, was given an insignificant prick with a pin and told that he was bleeding to death; the poor man actually felt himself drained of his heart's blood and died from sheer imagination. As for taste, there is a very funny story, told by Barry Pain, of a Sultan and his vizier sitting up all night, with intense gusto, over a bottle of cheap cooking sherry which they had been led to imagine was an ancient and priceless vintage.

There is, however, one great department of the imagination which outweighs all these in importance—this is sympathy, which, as its name implies, means "feeling with," or fellow-feeling. This is the power of taking into your own mind the experiences of others. It is the quality which is developed to such a notable extent in the great

philanthropists and reformers. There are some men who, living themselves in every conceivable circumstance of luxury and ease, are yet unable to sleep or enjoy a moment of happiness while the sufferings of others remain unrelieved; Dives in his mansion may be actually tortured by the sufferings of Lazarus sitting at his gate, he may conceivably, owing to his more sensitive organization, feel the sores and the hunger more acutely than Lazarus himself.

But sympathy is by no means necessarily of a humane or philanthropic trend. There is the sympathy of the opponent, who enters into another's soul and worms out all his weaknesses for his destruction.

The generalship of Napoleon was largely based on this sympathetic understanding of his opponents. For the classic winter campaign of 1814, he was opposed, with a small but efficient army, to the huge forces of Blücher, advancing up the Marne, and Schwartzenburg, on the line of the Seine. Napoleon knew that his only chance was to strike with practically his whole force one of these two adversaries, whilst the other was lagging behind, out of supporting distance. Blücher, he knew, was an impetuous, "thrusting" veteran, and Schwartzenburg a heavy-witted unenterprising commander who was sure to be late, and would never act with any

promptitude in an emergency. Accordingly, he calculated on Blücher's being several days in advance of his colleague, fell upon him suddenly with his whole force, overthrew him in four successive battles, and had turned upon Schwartzenburg before that deliberate Austrian had fairly grasped what had happened.

There is a form of perverted sympathy which finds vent in the most refined cruelty. There is a certain temperament that finds intense delight in experiencing another's torments at second-hand. Of such was the notorious Gilles de Retz, Constable of France, who used to kidnap children to his castle and take an Epicurean delight in torturing them to death. It has been remarked that there is this difference between a cruel Italian and a cruel Englishman: the Englishman is cruel because he is too coarse-fibred to realize the pain he is inflicting, but the Italian realizes it only too keenly, and enjoys it accordingly.

Sympathy, we may say, is the power of imagining the experiences of others as if they were our own. But there is a sense in which we can imagine nothing but what we have ourselves experienced. Only through the gates of our own senses, and never through those of others, can knowledge come to us. We can only translate, as it were, the experiences of others into terms of our own. It is conceivable that a being who had

never experienced any pain would be perfectly and innocently callous to the suffering of others. We see this, on a small scale, in the attitude of children. You may see a bevy of street arabs gathered, with unconcealed delight, to watch the coffin brought out at some humble funeral. They have never experienced the bitterness of bereavement, and cannot imagine what the mourners must be suffering. The trouble between the different orders of society is not that they are cruel, or intentionally unjust, but that their circumstances are often so different that the blackcoated worker finds as much difficulty in realizing the anxieties of uncertain employment as his brother in shirt sleeves of appreciating the difficulty of keeping up appearences on an insufficient income.

This, by the way, is perhaps the reason why Christianity possesses such a wonderful power over the hearts of men. It is difficult to conceive of a sympathetic God:

> "Enthroned in majesty divine
> Doth He regard on what we dine?"

The gods of most non-Christian peoples have usually had little enough sympathy for the pains of their creatures. An Almighty Being, who has never known pain himself, can hardly be conceived of as feeling it by proxy. But Christi-

anity has propounded the wonderful conception of a Being who, divine Himself, yet condescends to be born as a man, a Man of Sorrows, and to undergo the extremity of human pain. Here is a God, unlike Zeus or Siva, unlike even Allah, who can feel for every bitter experience, because He Himself has gone through with it. Whatever other view we may take of Christianity, we must at least admit it to be an astonishing psychological discovery.

Imagination, then, has many forms, but they are only different applications of one faculty, that of clearly and vividly realizing every impression that is taken into the mind. It is what Shakespeare describes as the supreme achievement of the poet, that of giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. More than half the battle of memory and of classification consists in grasping things firmly at the outset; we might go further and say that genius itself is merely a superstructure built upon the imagination. Geniuses in all walks of life have been distinguished by an exuberance of this faculty. "Soldiers, twenty centuries are looking down upon you!" cried Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids, and Cromwell, reporting his victory at Marston Moor, wrote: "God made them as stubble to our swords." Sometimes, indeed, the most luxuriant imagination may defeat its own

ends by sheer lack of control, the images follow so fast that they actually contradict each other. "I smell a rat," exclaimed Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated Irish M.P., " I see it hovering in the air before me, but, mark my words, I shall nip it in the bud!"

We find that in children the imagination is particularly strong. They have no power, as yet, of making abstractions, they see all things, not as types, but as individuals, with extreme distinctness of outline. That is why children so often display the signs of a poetic faculty which they never evince in later life. Had they the same faculty of concentration and ordering their ideas that they will acquire some day, they would soon be the teachers and leaders of their parents.

A child of three, on hearing the thunder, said not "it is thundering," but "there is Mr. Grumbledum talking," the gentleman in question (this is an instance taken from life) being entirely the creature of her imagination. The same child is constantly in the imagined company of a creature called the Tunkin, who is so vivid to her imagination that you find it difficult, at times, to doubt that she actually sees him. He lives in the moon, she says, and eats bones, and at night he takes her up to the moon with him. Another child, slightly older, on being asked to tell a story, began in truly startling fashion by saying:

"There were once upon a time a knife and a sword, and they went round people's beds, and they said, *'We love dead men,* and we'll kill them, too.' "

Perhaps the reader who has followed us thus far will see that a meaning he has hardly suspected may attach to those scriptural words, so difficult to interpret, and yet so satisfying to the intuition, about entering the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child. The great religious geniuses have not only been endowed with exceptional imagination themselves, but have made it their special task to quicken that of mankind. They have preached the religion of the spirit, a thing intensely individual, against that of law, of formula, of the type disciplined after one pattern without distinctive features. They give back to life its youth and freshness; by the spirit they breathe a man is, in a sense, born again. Then he looks out at the world with the eye of a poet, of a little child, everything is apprehended directly even as God is apprehended.

"Everything that lives is holy, life delights in life,
Because the soul of sweet delight can never be destroyed."

Mr. Masefield, who stands alone unchallenged among English poets in the direct line of inspired succession from Chaucer, has given, in his "Ever-

lasting Mercy," an unique description of the effects of religious conversion on a poacher youth:

> "I thought all earthly creatures knelt
> From rapture of the joy I felt.
> The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
> The wild hop withering in the hedge,
> The lights in huntsman's upper story
> Were parts of an eternal glory,
> Were God's eternal garden flowers.
> I stood in bliss at this for hours."

It must not be thought that because this is poetry it is therefore of an unpractical nature. "Would to God," the enlightened psychologist might say, "that all the Lord's people were poets," since poetry is only another name for creation. But if any one should reply that what he aims at is efficiency, we would answer that the most efficient mind is that which apprehends directly and as little as possible through the medium of abstractions. We are accustomed to think of ourselves as more imaginative than the Germans, and so, by natural endowment, we probably are; and yet it was by superiority in this very faculty that Germans were seizing our markets from us before the war. Whereas we dealt respectably, by fixed rules, the German took the trouble to visualize each of his customers individually, and to make special

provision for his requirements and idiosyncrasies. The successful commercial traveller is he who has enough sympathetic imagination to enter into the mind of his prospective customer; the victorious commander is the one who can hold the battle in his mind's eye, and when he gives an order, actually see the effects of its execution.

It is now time to give a few definite suggestions for the training and strengthening of this master faculty of the mind.

(1) An exercise that can be practised at any time, and in any place, is that of observing something for a long or short period, and then looking away to find how much of it is remembered. Put yourself a rapid series of questions; if it is a house that you were looking at, ask—how many stories? What was its colour and material? How many chimneys, and of what kind? Had they chimney cowls? Were there creepers on the wall, and of what species and exact colour? What was the number and shape of the windows? And so on.

(2) Now extend the process to include things not immediately present. Try to recollect the faces of some of your friends. Run through your points in order, beginning, say from the top; the colour, thickness and texture of the hair, height of the forehead, colour and shape of the eyes, and so downwards. Repeat this process

several times on the same person or object, and you will gradually develop a habit of seeing things clearly and in detail, instead of in a confused blur.

(3) Try to check these results by rough drawings or diagrams. Never mind if your hand is untrained, no one but yourself need see your efforts. You will find that drawing, quicker than anything else, brings out what a man has failed to observe in a face or scene. Let your sketches now be from memory alone, and, as a rule, both of as simple objects as possible, and taken at as short a period as you conveniently can after seeing them. The reason of this is that at present we are training the imagination alone, and not the memory nor the capacity for ordering ideas.

(4) When reading, try to get into the habit of seeing all you read, instead of merely apprehending it in the abstract. Even a false impression is better than none. You have, perhaps, seen this done on the cinema. In a film that is going about the country at present, a speaker is denouncing high prices; as he mentions each article by name, you can see it actually being produced on the cinema. "There were never so many hogs in the country," he gesticulates, and instantly you see huge droves of porkers; he passes on to cotton, and a thriving cotton planta-

tion is instantly thrown on the screen. The cinema thus performs the invaluable service of laying bare the workings of the imagination. The habit, then, you have to cultivate is to see things as they are shown in this film. Let every sentence call up a picture. Try to read the paper in this way. If you should read of a woman dying of starvation, do not simply mutter to yourself a casual "how sad!" but try to see the wretched, fireless room, try to see the woman herself, to feel what it is like to be dying by inches of hunger in the midst of prosperous, well-fed, indifferent people. It will, as Mahomet used to say, be better for you. And then, if you read of the Poles evacuating Kieff, do not simply make a mental note as if some bit of the map were coloured blue instead of red, see, however inaccurate it may be, a vision of the ancient Russian city, the long columns of troops filing out, the first of the pursuing cavalry entering the city; listen to the sound of explosions, the sudden jerking rattle of machine-guns; feel the depression of the Poles, the apprehension or despair of the populace, the savage elation of the victors. You may be wrong at every point, but you will at least be more right than if you had accepted the incident simply as a point on the map changing hands.

(5) Now try the experiment of mentally re-

constructing the past thought and circumstances of others. You have just passed in the street that worthy but hitherto uninteresting official, the district surveyor. Uninteresting? You commence to speculate about him. Is he married, and if so how did he propose? Did that impenetrable mask of officialdom drop from his face for one burning moment? Does he play blind man's buff with his family? Who taught him to survey? Did he go to a grammar school, or a polytechnic, and would he have been popular with his fellow pupils? Some day, perhaps, you will be able to draw him out and test your results. Even if you never attain to this height of familiarity, you have at least been developing your imagination, seeing things, even incorrect ones, with your mind's eye.

(6) It is an easy transition from this to practising that art of sympathy, of putting yourself in the other man's place, which we have already seen to be essential to success, whether as a friend or an opponent. We have already cited the instance of Napoleon and his opponents in 1814; it is now time to set, within the limits of our environment and capacities, about doing likewise. You can make a resolution to practise this for its own sake some morning when you set out for the city. You meet a friend in the train, and carry on the customary conversation about the

weather, and the badness of the service, and politics. This time, however, instead of thinking, as you usually do, about venting your ill-humour at the expense of the Clerk of the weather and the Board of Directors, instead of trying to impress your *vis-à-vis* with the profundity of your political views, you make the innovation of studying him, his postprandial vapours, his opinions. You observe that he pauses in his discourse, that his eye wanders—following his gaze you see that it has been caught by one of those remarkable specimens of coloured art that the company provides for the improvement of its patrons' taste. You observe that his annoyance with the government is somewhat irrelevantly connected with the price of stocks, and that as he mentions this his voice becomes a shade lower and more rapid. Has he been speculating, you wonder? He is certainly preoccupied this morning, he is anxious to talk, and yet incapable of holding his mind on one thing for very long together. Perhaps some critical decision is to be taken to-day, either by himself or someone with whom he has business dealings, perhaps it is merely that he has quarrelled with his wife, that brusque "Very well," when you inquired about her health, might suggest this. Trivial and useless as all this may seem, you will find, after a little practice, that the world has become a more

interesting planet of abode, that in your transactions with others you are less in the dark, far less of a drifted spar at the mercy of unknown currents. We need hardly say that such investigations were better conducted in a spirit of kindness and comradeship than in that of malice and suspicion.

(7) We have now to propose an advanced exercise in the imagination which should not be undertaken without considerable practice in the previous six. Hitherto we have had something definite to work upon; we are now going to ask the student to cut himself altogether free from things he has actually experienced, and soar into the realms of pure imagination, or rather, to take the material with which his experience has provided him, and weave it into new combinations. Take your watch and allot yourself a period of from two to five minutes. During that period try to visualize to yourself some wholly imaginary scene, or conversation, or action. Let it be as simple as you like, only keep your mind fixed unrelentingly upon it for the assigned period. Then, at the end of it, take your notebook or sketchbook, and make as exact as possible a record of what you have seen. You will find the effort literally painful to start with, but practice will bring ease, and it is as likely as not that you will discover the beginnings of a genius at the

very idea of which you would laugh now. You will, at any rate, have found a new source of pleasure of which you had never dreamed—something, perhaps, of the meaning of Blake's proverb:

"Energy is an eternal delight."

IV

THE ORDERING OF IDEAS

We have seen how ideas are acquired by the senses and preserved in the imagination, we have now to examine the third function of the mind, that of ordering and arranging them, so as to be able to accommodate and to use them at command. Even the most vivid imagination will fail if the ideas are pitched into the mind higgledy-piggledy like goods carelessly stored, and it is then, and then only, that we can speak of the mind being overloaded.

For if the ideas are once properly arranged there is, and can be, no such thing as overloading the mind. There is literally no limit to its capacity for holding knowledge, except the shortness of life and the limitation of experience. It is perfectly possible to conceive of a being, only differing from ourselves in being immortal and with limitless opportunities of acquiring knowledge, carrying comfortably in his brain all that there is to be known in earth and heaven. The reason that this seems absurd is that we are all subject to the fallacy of taking analogies for

things, of talking of the capacity of the mind as if it were the capacity of a barrel, and generally, of reasoning about ideas as if they were tangible and ponderable things, subject, like the grey matter of the brain, to the laws of space. We think of the brain as being an organ of limited size, and capable only of holding a limited number of ideas, which, to return to the more pertinent analogy we have employed before, is as much as to say that because a piano is small enough to go into the room, it can therefore only play a limited number of tunes.

What we mean when we speak of mental overcrowding is nothing more nor less than mental chaos. We all know the state of the man who has read an enormous number of books and seems only to have ended by making his mind an enormous lumber room of other people's opinions and facts that he does not know how to apply or co-ordinate. We say that such a man would be better advised to stop cramming his mind like a Strassburg goose, and pay a little more attention to using it. Quite true! but the fault is not that he has taken in more knowledge than he can hold, but more knowledge than he can arrange, that while he has been giving his senses full scope to pour in knowledge from all sides, he has forgotten to make provision for its reception.

Great minds are those which are able to

arrange their ideas constantly and instinctively; they resemble a large and well-ordered business, containing many departments. A constant stream of visitors and correspondence keeps pouring in, but each is sent on, with smooth and precise rapidity, to the appropriate department and there dealt with without fuss or difficulty. It is hard for the ordinary man to conceive of how any one person could have done a tithe of the work that was accomplished, with health and apparent enjoyment, by such a man as Napoleon. The whole machinery of Empire was centred in his one person, nothing was on too grand a scale, nothing too minute. A less well-known instance is that of Henry VIII, who, with the exception of Alfred and possibly, of the first William, was the ablest monarch who has ever sat upon an English throne. To realize this you have only to turn to the immense volumes of his daily correspondence. On a typical day you will find him issuing a detailed order for putting the whole of the Kingdom into a state of defence against the Emperor, giving directions for the running out of a groin on Dover Beach, disposing or refusing to dispose of some royal ward's hand, examining the evidence of treason against some suspected nobleman, going into some matter of commercial privilege with his ambassador at Venice, and then, after dealing with grasp and

forcefulness with some half-a-dozen similar problems, going off to argue with an ill-fated heretic about transubstantiation, or to write quite creditable poetry to his "sweet sweeting."

What was the secret by which these men, with brains not markedly larger in size than yours or mine, were enabled to deal with a mass of business that staggers our imaginations even to think of? Obviously because their minds were so well and minutely ordered that they were able to dispose of each incoming idea instinctively and instantaneously. Let us approach the problem a little more closely and enquire exactly what we mean by saying that an idea is disposed of. We will follow the original impression in its progress a degree further towards action, we will assume that it has been clearly perceived and vividly imagined, that it enters the sorting department with clear, definite outlines.

Let us suppose that you are reading the paper in the train, and that you purpose to read it to your maximum profit, instead of the usual chaotic glancing up and down, reading half a paragraph about the destitution in Central Europe, being caught up on the way by the actress with five husbands, and dropped down into the middle of a slump in rubber.

But now comes a difficulty. Are we to dive so to speak, into the recesses of our minds, and turn

over every piece of knowledge in succession in the hope of finding something to suit? Or are we to take a dip, as it were, into a bran-tub in the hope of something lucky turning up? The first process would be interminable, the second slipshod and slovenly to the last degree. It is of no use neatly sorting out your new facts unless you have a well-arranged mind to bring them to.

Let us suppose that you are already the fortunate possessor of such a mind. Your new fact will now find a prepared framework of classification waiting to receive it. You know, within certain limits, what you expect to find in the paper. There is the great class of foreign affairs—you have no use for that just at present; home news is certainly inclusive; but we must make some further subdivision for any practical purpose of classification. Let us take our main headings as personal, legal, literary and artistic, monetary, sporting, and last, but not least, national activity in its various departments. There is no need for a fussy precision; a rough, working arrangement is all you want. The two chief points you have to secure are that your classes shall be distinguished by the common qualities that are of the maximum importance, for your purposes, at any rate, and that your framework shall not be too unwieldy or minute for immediate reference.

Now we come to one of the most important facts of mental arrangement, and it is this: the more headings you can find under which to class any new impression, the more essential qualities it possesses in common with other groups of facts already known to you, so much the greater is your chance of retaining it in your mind. Once you can contrive to see anything under two totally different aspects, your chances of retaining it are more than doubled. For the idea of a cabinet or a pigeon hole is inadequate fully to symbolize the facts of mental life. A pigeon hole is a lifeless thing to contain other lifeless things, there is no change in it except that of decay, but once a fact is passed into the mind it does not lie still, but is continually at work, reaching out arms of association to other facts, combining with them in ways we hardly dream of till the result of it all bursts upon the consciousness, and we believe ourselves to be inspired or, perhaps, possessed.

And so, rapidly but methodically, you cast your eye down the columns of your morning paper, making yourself master of whatever you want to know about its contents. Sometimes you will get a piece of news that will not fit exactly under any of your headings, and you have to run up some rough, temporary arrangements for its reception. You now go on to your office, where you apply exactly the same procedure,

with a different framework of ideas, adapted for special business. Your mind is now like a well-stocked roll-top desk, with drawers and pigeon holes so well known to you that you are able automatically and at once to pass on every new fact to its appropriate lodgment. If you have such an office desk, you may find it convenient to have an invisible desk in your mind corresponding to it, and as you put each letter or document into its pigeon hole, to perform a similar operation mentally.

If you have held a commission, you have probably found out for yourself the advantage of coming to certain tasks with a proper framework into which to fit your ideas. You have perhaps been told to draw up a report, within a limited time, on some stretch of road. If you were efficient you already had in your pocket or, still better, your mind an exact list of the questions you had to ask yourself about roads—Is it graded or ungraded? Is it suitable for heavy traffic? What is its width? and so on through all the qualities of military importance that can, by any chance, appertain to roads.

There is, however, another danger to guard against, into which the young officer, who has mastered the necessity of having his headings ready for the reception of facts, is too apt to fall. He will consider it sufficient if he merely has his

headings printed in a pocket book, or goes through the unnatural labour of learning them like a parrot. It is not sufficient. The only way to master any subject is to have it impressed upon your mind for its own sake, and not because somebody else has dictated to you a list of names. You can only construct a mental framework, you can only use it efficiently, by understanding the subject, by knowing upon what sameness or difference of qualities your classification is based. In that lies the evil of such ghastly cramming expedients as that of memorizing subject headings by artificial methods such as "catenation." And here we may say that one acid test of any mind system is whether it professes, on any plea whatsoever, to teach such expedients. If it does, it is, on the mental plane, not much better than those patent remedies for diseases, which make the trouble worse by masking the symptoms. The propagation of such methods, which embody the worst features of cramming, would constitute a national disaster, if we alter Tennyson's line to:

"The *mind* of England is her all in all."

The only honest or effectual way of understanding anything is that of nature, which is the same thing as to say, by grasping the nature of the subject. The closer we can get to reality

the better position we are in to apply the principles of scientific classification. The mind of Plato has often been described, not without some plausibility, as the most perfectly equipped of which we have any record. And yet the anatomical system that Plato sketches in his Timaeus would be laughed at to-day by the most ignorant medical student. This was no fault of the philospher's, his lack of instruments and recorded experience effectually precluded him from getting near enough to the realities of his subject to know which qualities were vital, and which merely accidental. Again, in biology, the absurd pother that was made about the supposed theological heresy contained in Darwin's "Origin of Species" has blinded the generality of folk, even of our own generation, to what was Darwin's greatest contribution of all to the cause of science, namely, the revolution that his researches and intuition made in the previously accepted standards of classification.

To ascertain the vital qualities of any subject, the vital aspect of any situation, is the secret of mastery. Millions of people before Newton had seen the fall of an apple, millions, doubtless, had some sort of record of the event. Some aspect or other of the incident had momentarily appealed to them, the apple was ripe, or there was a wind, or the heaviness of the apple had at last become

greater than the resisting power of the twig. It took a Newton to perceive the most important circumstance of all, that, once it had left the twig, instead of darting up to the clouds or sailing over the horizon, this apple, and all other apples, possessed the quality of taking one particular direction, which was a bee line for the centre of the earth. And this quality, Newton may have gone on to reflect, was shared, not only by apples, but by Newton himself, and by all things that moved or stood still upon the earth. A vital quality, indeed! But Newton did not pause here. He saw that this quality of falling down to the earth was only part of a still more comprehensive quality of mutual attraction, possessed by all masses of matter whatever, from suns to apples, a tendency subject to definite laws, and by which, ultimately, the movements of the stars and planets might be explained. A better instance of vital association could hardly be conceived of.

The Duke of Wellington was distinguished, as a commander, by his capacity for instantly appreciating the vital element of a position or military situation. In 1812 he had been involved in a series of complicated manœuvres against Marmont, one of the most brilliant of Napoleon's marshals, and getting, on the whole, the worst of it. There was some doubt, even, whether he

could make good his retreat, and the French columns were moving parallel to his own to cut him off. At last Marmont, in his eagerness to envelop his opponent, made the false move of extending his left slightly too far. That was enough for Wellington. "What a manœuvre to be ashamed of!" he exclaimed, and told his Spanish colleague, General Alava, that Marmont was lost. And so he was, for within a few hours his army was shattered to pieces, and Wellington had gained what, from a tactician's point of view, was the most brilliant of all his victories, that of Salamanca.

It was this same power of seeing the essentials of a situation that was the secret of Marshal Foch's success on the Marne in 1914, and again in 1918. Like Wellington, he perceived, in the first battle, the exact moment when the enemy had stretched his line so far as to leave what was practically a gap, and into this gap he struck with a small force, but with decisive effect. In the final German effort to reach Paris, his master eye detected the one weakness in that grandiose scheme—the Germans were attacking at the point of salient without taking the precaution of protecting the right side of its base. It was here that Foch dealt his counter-stroke, and from that time onward the Germans never recovered the initiative.

In order to make the best use of the mind in any walk of life from farm labour to statesmanship, it is necessary to cultivate something of the artist's vision. The artist, whether on canvas or paper or in life, is the man who possesses in the highest degree this faculty of isolating essentials, of seeing to the heart of things. Raphael, when he painted his Sistine Madonna, had before him an Italian girl, beautiful indeed, but no more beautiful than scores of others who lie forgotten and unrecorded. Only Raphael knew how to evoke and isolate that vital quality latent in all, or nearly all, womankind, the tenderness and majesty of motherhood. Most of us have watched, times without number, the spectacle of a breaking wave, but not before Mr. Nevinson can anyone be said to have perceived the superb upward sweep of its curvature, nor the depths of night-blue that lie beneath its leonine crest of foam.

Herein lies the distinction that Coleridge was wont to draw between fancy, and what he called imagination, but which we should prefer to call vision. Fancy corresponds to William James's wholly inadequate definition of genius as the possession of similar association to an extreme degree. For the essence of genius is not that it is merely fecund in associations, but that it also possesses the power, in an extreme degree, of

perceiving vital associations. The fanciful intelligence will link every impression with countless associations, some charming, some bizarre, but cares little whether the common quality, which forms the link, is essential or casual, superficial or profound.

One of the most charming instances of fancy in our language is Rupert Brooke's poem, "Grantchester," in which, with the joyous irresponsibility of youth, he allows his fancy to play, almost at will, among the associations called up, in an unspeakable German beer-garden, by the thought of his belovèd Cambridgeshire village, where

> "Spectral dance, before the dawn
> A hundred vicars, down the lawn;
> Curates, long dust, will come and go
> On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
> And oft, before the boughs is seen
> The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . . "

These associations, wholly delightful as they are, are purely fanciful, no one would maintain that the vital or essential feature of a Grantchester lawn at midnight is the presence of "the prim ecclesiastic rout."

That Rupert Brooke could write not only with fancy but with vision, and that of the rarest and most penetrating, is disclosed in the poems he

composed just before his career was so tragically and gloriously cut short, and particularly in that fragment of an ode which only death prevented him from making the most splendid poetic tribute of an Englishman to England since the words put by Shakespeare in the mouth of the dying John of Gaunt:

> "England!
> In Avons of the heart her rivers run.
> She is all we have loved and found and known
> Closed in the little nowhere of the brain."

That is the vital quality of England, what has endeared her to generations of her sons.

Vital association, that is the secret not only of the artist, but of the successful, efficient man in every branch of life. The doctor, who intuitively diagnoses the cause of a disease; the speculator, who times his investments and withdrawals at exactly the right moment; the tailor's cutter, with his unerring sense of the fit of a suit; the batsman, who picks out the exact ball to crack to the boundary, are all, in their way, artists—they all have the gift of picking out the essential quality of the thing they happen to be interested in. But when we speak of association we must never forget that successful discrimination is equally important, indeed, the two can scarcely be thought of separately. To take the

humble instance of our tailor's cutter, he has not only to know, from his previous experience, what particular kind of coat is best suited to a particular kind of waist, which is an act of association, but also in what exact respect his customer differs from all other customers he has ever had. So, again, with Mr. Nevinson's wave, it is endowed with the peculiar strength and beauty which have been common to all waves since the warm and lifeless Archæan sea moaned round the barren rocks of the world's youth, but, just as emphatically, it is itself alone; the forces of life and matter from the beginning of time have worked but to produce one wave in that exact likeness.

So, then, while you isolate the vital qualities, while you form your links of association with countless other things, never forget the individuality of any object or impression, never omit to record, mentally, not only in what it resembles but in what it differs from the rest of your experience. Cultivate an eye for the finest shades of distinction. Just as the batsman is lost who tries to repeat a previous hit on a ball almost imperceptibly slower or shorter pitched, so the commander is lost who generalizes from a previous situation to a similar one, without taking account of some not immediately obvious difference. Even Frederick the Great, who had

developed his system of oblique attack with such success at the expense of the Austrians, suffered a defeat, which to anyone else would have been ruinous, when he applied it, under the wrong circumstances, at Kollin. The business man, who, because some rival's line of goods has found a favourable market, sinks a large part of his resources in himself supplying such goods, often finds himself disastrously mistaken, because for some reason the weathercock of demand has veered.

Just as we brought our faculties of association and discrimination to the highest possible pitch in making our perceptions, so likewise should we do in storing these perceptions in the mind. Some powerful intelligences seem to deal almost exclusively in generalizations, they see nothing in any object but what it shares with something else. Such minds may have a certain compelling energy, but they are almost wholly devoid of tact or delicacy; like Polonius, they have a store of excellent maxims which they are never able to apply to life. Herbert Spencer's was one of the purest examples of the associative or generalizing mind; though such an individualist in theory, he never appears to have noticed or cared for the individuality of anything in practice, all were to him examples of the working of some law. Even when, on a holiday in the Isle of Wight, he at-

tained to the height of a joke, "These are very large chops for such a very small island," its only effect was to set him speculating on the digestive causes of humour.

"Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,"

is the verdict posterity is likely to pass on that voluminous Synthetic Philosophy, which most people would cheerfully exchange for one dialogue of Plato (whom, by the way Spencer despised) in the olive shade by the Ilissus. If we had to choose, we should prefer to know one man or animal or flower "almost and altogether," rather than to comprehend the mere skeleton of all knowledge and all mysteries and the reality of nothing. But here, as so often in life, the right way is the middle way. To discriminate is the function of the imagination, and if imagination has done its work in passing on impressions intact to the mind, there will be no danger of individuality being lost in the process of generalization.

We have indicated, we hope with sufficient clearness, what is the best way to set about constructing a mental framework in which to store our ideas on any class of subject. The precise method to be adopted will depend on the individuality of the student. Expedients that would be helpful to some would to others be merely irritating and ridiculous. The idea, for instance, of

imagining a mental desk arranged with drawers and pigeon holes exactly corresponding to the desk in his office, is one that would probably prove invaluable to the average business man, because instead of having to build up a mental framework out of nothing at all, he is proceeding upon the model of something he knows already. But if anyone finds that such a procedure bothers him, or seems babyish, he had better not try it.

The newspaper is a good thing to commence practice upon. Some papers have a summary of about a column. Your task is within the shortest possible time to memorize, not word by word, but in substance, the whole of the news in that summary. One convenient method (and everybody will have his own preferences) is to have an imaginary map of the world for foreign affairs, and an imaginary cabinet, with pigeon holes, for domestic events. When you read of some foreign event, you picture it as happening at its exact place on the map, and then you will find it easy to run your eye over the map on any future occasion, and enquire, so to speak, in every country you pass, for what you have lately deposited there. You may, by way of reinforcement, find places for a good many of the foreign events in your home cabinet or one with divisions corresponding to it. If you have a taste in furniture, it may amuse you to give a style and

finish to your mental construction, and it will help you in visualizing it.

The time element is of essential importance in this, as in other exercises. You take the time from the moment you begin to the time you leave off, and again, from the moment you put the paper by and try to recollect what you have read to the final accomplishment of the task, or such of it as you can perform. You will be surprised how, from the twenty minutes or so it takes you thoroughly to master the column, if at all, to start with, you gradually come down to less than five, almost the time it takes you to glance down it. Practise this every morning until the conscious use of map or cabinet becomes, as it will, gradually superfluous.

Extend the practice to include all subjects you may be interested in. Practise it to relieve the tedium of a solitary walk, see how much of interest you can carry home with you, how wide a net you can cast. Practise it in reading; if you know anything whatever about the subject of your book you will be able to construct some sort of mental framework in which to store the new knowledge you expect to acquire.

An element of complication will be introduced when you have to study not, as in the paper, events or things that are practically simultaneous in time, but a history or development extending

over a considerable period. Here the very nature of the task precludes a method so simple as that of an imaginary desk or cabinet, another dimension is added and we have to modify our schemes accordingly. The principles we have already laid down will only need some common-sense modification to suit the change of circumstances. The most important point of all is to follow the natural method, to trace every event to its causes and these to their causes again, at the same time noting associations with other contemporary events. You will thus have a number of streams of tendency, only not, like streams, getting broader and more concentrated as they go on, but forking off into subsidiary branches, as at a delta, sometimes getting mixed up with other streams. Each of these it is your business to follow up as near to the source as possible.

Then you may find it useful to select some landmark date, and take a general survey of the whole situation as it existed at that moment, using the same sort of mental framework as you did in memorizing the day's news. You can repeat this process at some other date, as it suits you. That is precisely the method of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Milestones"—he takes a number of typical people, and lets us see an hour or so of their lives at intervals of twenty-five

years. It is only by repeated experiment that you will find what is best suited to your own requirements. Fussiness and formalism are worse, if possible, than no method at all.

V

MEMORY AND MEMORY SYSTEMS

We now come to the part of our subject which is likely to arouse the greatest interest in the mind of the ordinary seeker after mental efficiency. Mind training, to the man in the street, is more or less synonymous with a system of tricks for training the memory. On this we had a curious sidelight when writing the present book. We happened to mention to one or two friends that it was about mind training, but the invariable form their enquiries took was: "And how is your book on memory training getting on?"

Indeed, the idea that the mastery of some secret is all that is needed to turn Tom, Dick and Harry into mnemonic marvels is, literally, thousands of years old. Already in Rome they were evolving systems of imaginary cities, each containing ten wards, each containing ten houses, each containing ten rooms, in which you could put anything you wanted, take it out again when you wanted, and the business was done, just as

in General D'Ordel's version of the drill book the section headed "Attack" ends with some such words as: "The enemy will then retire in confusion." Hindu exponents of Yogi professed to produce astonishing results by their own elaborate devices, nor were the doctors of the middle ages less prolific of ideas on the subject. Innumerable memory systems saw the light during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and it is an extraordinary instance of human credulity that after every conceivable idea on the subject has been propounded and thrashed out again and again, someone has only to announce that the wonderful secret has at last been discovered to bring crowds of purchasers tumbling over each other to obtain it at almost any price its vendors think fit to name.

It is strange indeed that, in an age which calls itself scientific, an atmosphere of mystery and abracadabra should still cling to this particular department of human activity. There was a time when the best scientific minds were employed in the quest for perpetual motion machines and the stone which should change all metals to gold. We have dropped these hopes now, but the state of mind out of which they sprang persists, and manifests itself in ways that it would have been hard to predict. The vogue of patent medicines is one instance, and this in

spite of the fact that few people seriously dispute that the doctors, with all their faults and dilemmas, know more about the matter than the unqualified practitioner, whose only recommendation is his own advertisement. The field for mind-doctors is an even more promising one, because here the patent-remedy vendor has no professional competitors, and nobody has any particular interest in exposing his pretensions except his customers, who, if they were conscious of such an interest, would not be his customers.

These remedies or tricks for improving the memory mostly fall under the headings of catenation (the method of Jones—bones—devil—Devil's own—lawyer—fee—F. E.—Smith, commonly called the Loisette System), or of figure alphabets, such as the one propounded by Grey, an ingenious parson of the eighteenth century who memorized the wholly imaginary date of the deluge by coining the word Deletok, the E. T. O. K. representing figures, according to a prearranged code.

These tricks, about which there is nothing whatever that is new or mysterious, have limited use for remembering such arbitrary things as telephone numbers, lists of proper names, and the like. In nine cases out of ten the labour of committing even these to memory is not worth while, as a notebook or directory will answer the

purpose equally well. Cramming the memory with disconnected facts is, at best, a disagreeable necessity. And the various tricks, plausible as they may seem on paper, are apt to prove the veriest of broken reeds in practise, for sound associations and even logical connections, though they may enable you to reel off long lists while they are fresh in the memory, are treacherous in the extreme after some lapse of time. "Devil's Own" may seem at the time the most logical sequel to "Devil," but next day the natural thought conjured up by that old gentleman may be his place of abode, both words being emphasized with needless, and damnable reiteration, when it is discovered that the lower regions have proved but a blind alley for the seeker after the forgotten Smith.

But where these expedients are used, as they too frequently are, to learn mechanically dates, events of history, and things whose causes and connections with other parts of the subject are ascertainable, the use of memory systems is not a help, but a fatal hindrance to any real mastery of the subject. The method of "figure alphabets" is characterized by the great psychologist, William James, as "clearly an excessively poor, trivial, and silly way of thinking about dates." Dates to the historian are no mere arbitrary arrangement of

figures, but so connected in his mind with what has gone before and after, that he no more wants to "memorize" them than he wants to form codes and catenations to remember his own age. They are alive to him, and unless they are alive, they are merely mental lumber. "The artificial memory systems," says James, "recommending, as they do, such irrational methods of thinking, are only to be recommended as the first landmarks of a system, or for such purely detached facts as enjoy no connection with the rest of our ideas." Even for these minor ends, the catenation and figure-alphabet systems, as usually propounded, are worse than useless owing to their neglect of the picture-forming faculty.

Such secret as there is about any of them, we will at once proceed briefly to expose for the benefit of those who imagine them to be profound because they are secret, and for those who wish to know the right way, which may not be the secret way, of using them for such limited purposes as they can observe. Catenation is simply the use of association for connecting A with B, B with C, and C with D, and so, by easy stages, A with D.

This is legitimate enough, as far as it goes, provided that it is absolutely necessary to memorize lists of disconnected names, and that it is impossible to do this by consulting a book of reference, or by taking a note. It will be found,

however, that the system does not work out nearly so simply in practice as it does on paper, and if a large number of catenations has to be made, they have a way of becoming intolerably cumbrous. Connections which seemed obvious at the time slip the memory afterwards, and so the chain snaps in the middle. Three rules ought to be observed in making catenations that will go some way towards lessening these dangers:

(1) Associations should be as vital as possible.

(2) Catenations should be learned both ways, forwards and backwards.

(3) Always make a picture, at each stage of the catenation.

Memory systems may possibly make pretensions to scientific method by tabulating at great length different forms of association. This is, for all practical purposes, "hot air," and the only varieties it is necessary for us to take note of are association by sound, by contiguity, and by similarity. Association by sound is the grand name for punning, which once used to be considered a form of humour. In association by contiguity the common quality is external to the things associated, and consists of their having been joined together in some previous experience.

Thus if we have met a man called Smith at King's Cross Station, King's Cross and Smith

will henceforth be associated. In this way reasons the cat who, having seen her mistress open the door, connects the operation with pawing at the handle, and makes ineffectual attempts to repeat it. In association by similarity the common quality is inherent in the things associated. The man who turns the door handle because he knows that it is a property of handles, constructed in a certain way, to pull back the latch when they are turned, is performing an act of association by similarity.

Any kind of external association is obviously more liable to be forgotten than one which is derived from qualities rooted in the nature of the things to be associated. It is therefore on associations of similarity that we should depend wherever possible, and the more vital the qualities, the longer they are likely to be remembered. Again, by repeating the catenation both ways weak links may be strengthened, thus Carpentier may very easily suggest France, but France may awaken hundreds of associations before you think of her champion boxer. But most important, because most neglected, is the necessity for making a picture. It is by no means enough just to understand the reason for the association. Thus you ought actually to see Carpentier in a French uniform, or standing in front of a map of France,

or in some way unmistakably associated with his native country.

The same thing applies to figure alphabets. The simpler your code is the better, and the shorthand principle of going by sounds and not by letters confuses more than it helps the ordinary student. To have "g" standing for two different figures and "c" for no less than three is the refinement of pedantry. Every man can construct his own alphabet, a rough efficiency and not logical perfection is the quality to aim at. The following is a specimen:

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M	P	K	T	F	L	H	S	R	N
W	B	G	D	V		J			
Y		C				Z			
Q									
X									

This, which is constructed on no logical principle whatever, the author has found easy to remember, and efficient enough for the few occasions he has ever wanted to use it. Suppose the thing to be remembered is somebody's number at somebody's Stores. We will suppose it is 8397. This gives you the letters R.D.N.S. By filling up with vowels you get "Red Nose," which may be descriptive enough in itself. Otherwise you must

imagine your friend, who may be a most respected member of the Prohibition League, with a flaming nose of the Ally Sloper type. See him plainly, thus adorned, and the chances are that you will remember Red Nose at the next time of asking.

You can apply the system in all kinds of ways. You can form a sentence by using your key letters to start the words. Thus, if your friend is a clergyman you can make it run "Righteously denies natural selection." Never memorize anything that you know already, thus, if you insist on the horrible practice of learning dates artificially, and want to remember the date of Waterloo, you will probably, though, if you are such a person, by no means certainly, know that it was fought during the nineteenth century. Therefore 15 is all you will have to remember, not 1815. You can do this from the village of Planchenoit, one of the key points of the battle, which begins with P.L., or 15. That is all you will want to remember, the rest of the word you can let go. A rough efficiency and not a mathematical neatness is the thing you require.

You will, however, be losing little if you resolve to dispense with catenations and figure alphabets altogether. For certain people they may have a limited use, but even then they are apt to be more of a hindrance to sound thinking than a help to

remembering. We have treated of them here largely in order that the reader, who has tickled his brain for a long time with the secrets of memory-mongers, may know exactly what these secrets amount to, and judge for himself whether they are worth pursuing. We make no claim to have penetrated the carefully guarded arcana of modern mind temples, but there is nothing new about memory tricks, they have taken the same line in all ages, and it is as certain as anything in this world can be that there is no sensational secret in the realm of mind possessed by a few thousand favoured mortals and hidden from the rest of the world. The thing is impossible and absurd, and we challenge denial from any quarter whatever when we say that it neither does nor can exist.

We perhaps make a mistake in treating memory as if it were a separate faculty of the mind, instead of a mere word signifying our ability both to retain our impressions and to recall them at any time we wish to do so. Very often we have the disagreeable sensation of having retained a thing that we are unable to recall. We may say to somebody: "Your name is on the tip of my tongue, but I can't remember it for the moment." It is this distinction which has led psychologists to talk of a faculty of retentiveness, which is only a part of memory, and which William James,

with what seems to us a strange lapse from his usual scientific judiciousness, has characterized as a physiological quality, given once and for all with a man's organization, and one which he can never hope to change. Apart from the fact that such mathematical and unqualified exactitude is quite at variance with our experience of mental phenomena, this statement, for which no sort of proof is or can be advanced, seems to rest upon a misapprehension. To talk of a faculty of retentiveness comes dangerously near to setting up a word to serve in place of a thing. For the ideas we best retain are those in which we are interested and therefore imagine vividly, and which, having imagined, we store properly in our mind.

Take the instance of a schoolboy, the despair of his masters, into whose thick head no idea of any sort seems capable of going. You may find that this very boy has the knowledge of a past master in the art of fly-fishing, or perhaps he knows by heart the names, initials and averages of all the most celebrated ball players. On the other hand you will find one of the most erudite of European historians, who can reel off unpublished and voluminous documents bearing upon almost every matter of importance from Elizabeth's day to our own, yet incapable of remembering, after repeated and bitter reminders, that the 9-40 train does not start at 9-50. In both these examples it

would be missing the point to talk of a faculty of retentiveness, when the fact is that some things are seized upon with interest and readily associated with others, while some things, arousing faint interest and finding few associations, drop quietly out of the mind.

If we could examine the mind of one who, like Macaulay, was renowned for his memory, we should probably find that he was a man with a habit of visualizing things in very clear outlines, and of an intense capacity for being interested. This was, in fact, eminently characteristic of Macaulay. He was a man of strong and simple feelings, he was incapable by nature of appreciating the delicate shades of meaning which make the writings of a Walter Pater so precious and yet to require rare qualities of patience and concentration in the reader. Macaulay seems to have looked at everything with the passion of a partisan, and to have visualized in the boldest outline and the most vivid primary colours. Macaulay's James II was a despicable bigot, his William III the hero saviour of Europe; both figures are false to nature but recorded with the vividness of an advertisement poster. Macaulay's phenomenal knowledge stopped short beyond the bounds of these limitations. He had read Shelley, and yet we never find him evincing any interest in that poet's works comparable

with that which he lavished on Dryden or Pope or Byron. Philosophy seems to have been an almost closed book to him.

To have what is called a good memory may not, therefore, be altogether an unmixed blessing. There are some types of mind that visualize things so coarsely and crudely that they retain them at the expense of all delicacy. It is easier to remember the smile of Johnny Walker than that of the Mona Lisa. To talk of the faculty of retentiveness as unchangeable is to say that our delicacy or grossness of imagination is fixed from birth, along with our capacity for detachment, and the ordering of our minds. All of which is determinism in its crudest form, and may be dismissed to the category of improbable and unproved assertions.

It will now be seen that the essentials of what we are accustomed to call memory have been dealt with in the two preceding chapters. The secret of its perfection is to imagine vividly and to associate correctly, not forgetting discrimination. Do these, it may be said, and you will remember, without the necessity of tinkering at something you call memory, which is really the lumping together of two or three other things. We may add that the more any impression is recalled, from time to time, the longer it is likely to be remembered. The outlines which were beginning to get

blurred are sharpened again, new associations are formed, and the image is, so to speak, confirmed.

In the present chapter we will touch upon an aspect of the subject which we have held somewhat in the background hitherto, and which will come in here with peculiar appropriateness as we are on the verge of the transition from the reception of ideas to the emotions which determine their outlet in action. We refer to interest, and its importance hardly needs to be enlarged upon. For to remember well it is necessary to imagine vividly and to imagine vividly it is necessary to be interested.

In what way we may improve and command our power of being interested is the practical problem with which we are here chiefly concerned. Its solution will go far to achieve the results which are falsely claimed by the various systems of memory tricks. We shall proceed from the artificial and external to the genuine and internal expedients.

The artificial ways in which interest may be stimulated are known to us all. They appeal to one or both of two motives, the hope of gain or the fear of some evil, neither hope nor fear being concerned in any but the most remote way with the subject on its own merits. This is at the bottom of the whole system of examinations, one that has, undoubtedly, done much to inculcate knowl-

edge and more to kill favouritism, but whose results have been disastrous beyond all computation in the way of stunting mental growth and setting up false standards of value.

Up to a quite recent period this artificial method was employed, under the august name of religion, to create an interest in morality; there was supposed to be one place, as pleasant as the imagination could conceive of, to which the good people would go, and another, an eternal furnace or torture chamber, in which the bad people were paid out. This immoral system of enforcing morality could be diverted to the strangest uses, all sins might be pardonable except illicit dealing in alum from the Pope's mines; it was imported into literature, a book was supposed to be vicious in tendency unless virtue was rewarded and vice punished, whereby virtue would have ceased to be virtuous, and vice would have been raised to the respectable level of a business miscalculation.

To state these facts is not to say that neither in the moral nor the intellectual sphere is an artificial stimulus ever necessary. If that were so one might at once decide, as some well-meaning idealists would actually have us decide, to scrap the whole fabric of government and criminal law, to render everything unto God, the God within us, and nothing at all unto Caesar. This is precisely what Tolstoy would have recommended, on the

insanely consistent ground that to create an interest in honesty in the breast of Bill Sykes by the methods of warders and policemen was not going to the root of the matter; the only honesty that would be worth anything would be that which welled spontaneously out of Bill's heart. It is probable that only a rigid system of *post mortem* rewards and punishments would have imparted even a respectable discipline to the mass of mankind as it emerged from the welter of the dark ages. It is to be hoped that a better state of things is about to dawn. Already such threats as

> "'Tis dangerous to provoke a God
> Whose power and vengeance none can tell,"

so terrible to our great-grandparents, have passed into the category of slightly blasphemous jokes.

A more effectual method of creating interest is that of making a direct appeal to the inner man by some form or other of suggestion. Of suggestion we shall have much to say in subsequent chapters, here we shall take its power and methods more or less for granted, and remark how much wider a field the term covers than one might at first be inclined to credit. One of the most powerful forms of it is prayer, and sense of honour and self-respect count for much. An officer

may be induced to take an interest in musketry by his sense of duty or by his pride in the regiment or by his self-respect as a soldier. It is often difficult to say, in any particular instance, how far the interest created may be classed as factitious and artificial. Pride in the regiment may perfectly easily make an officer a genuine enthusiast for marksmanship, or he may faithfully perform a task he dislikes from sheer sense of duty. The object of suggestion should be not merely to keep a man's nose to the grindstone, but to make him, in respect of that particular subject, be converted and born again.

The bedrock of interest is, after all, a thorough, classified and vital knowledge of the subject. There is no getting round or getting away from this, a man will not take an abiding interest in what he does not grasp, and all attempts to make him do so by force or trickery will only mean the masking of his real aversion. If the only object of law were the reformation of the criminal, those who denounce punishment would have it all their own way; it is doubtful whether a love of honesty has ever been engendered within prison walls. If the delinquent could be brought to understand that a criminal mind is as much diseased as a consumptive or cancerous body, that by poisoning his own soul he is committing suicide as surely as if he were to mix arsenic with his food; if, we say,

he could be brought to assent to this, not only as an intellectual proposition, but from his heart and inner being, we might describe him as really reformed, owing to an understanding of morality singularly in advance of the average.

To the ordinary man the life of a shepherd, on some country farm, may seem incredibly dull, but to the shepherd himself it is the most fascinating thing on earth, because he has been brought up from his babyhood in the knowledge and understanding of sheep. To Kipling's Scottish engineer nothing was more romantic and uplifting than the cranks and dynamos in the engine-room of a merchant steamer. That which is done without understanding is done without love, and it is the things we love upon which memory fastens.

Those who have opened this book in the hope of finding some short cut to a perfect memory, will go away as indignant as the Syrian captain who was told to wash seven times in Jordan and be clean. There is, in fact, no way except the simple and honest way of knowing and loving the subject. Any endeavour to substitute artifice for nature will, in the long run, be fatal to knowledge.

Now we see the supreme importance of a vital, and not merely a formal knowledge of the subject. It is impossible to estimate the harm that has been done by the lure of examinations

and other artificial stimuli. An extreme instance of this may be seen in the effect of the Western system upon Indian students. The Indian undergraduate is forced into a course of studies utterly alien to his temperament and national traditions, and too often presided over by professors contemptuous or ignorant of the Indian outlook. The result is exactly what might be expected. The sole inducement to study is the fact that a degree opens the door to a living, either in government employment or as a "pleader" or lawyer. The astute Hindu thoroughly appreciates this fact, and makes it his sole object to overcome the wiles of the examiner. The unhappy lecturers are baffled by the apathy of their pupils to any knowledge of the subjects in the curriculum, lectures are attended as a matter of routine, the books in the finely-stocked Western libraries repose in peace on their shelves, and the real work is done with obscure native coaches in the city, whose sole function is to anticipate any possible question and dictate answers to be learnt parrot-wise by heart.

Artificial methods are unhappily encouraged by making the forms and not the reality of knowledge the object of study. Just as no ordinary Indian can be expected to take an interest in having to "mug up" Macaulay's Essay on Addison, an actual instance of the sort of thing

Indian students are expected to learn, so no human boy or girl can be expected to care much about the farrago of names and dry bones of fact that is crammed into them by the hope of prizes or the fear of punishment. Some improvement is being made, but with painful slowness.

Unfortunately the laziness of the teacher is reinforced by the ignorance of the pupil. Boys and girls are naturally prone to regard lists of names as constituting the whole sum of knowledge, they worship the letter of the law, as anyone who remembers school life will have reason to know. To have a grasp on the subject or an interest in it would hardly strike the average boy or girl as being learning at all.

In history, small boys are set to acquire knowledge that might baffle expert historians. We wonder how many of these latter could tell one off-hand the date of the Battle of Tenchbrai or the wives of all the Kings of England. Even if this knowledge is likely to be of any value to the pupil, it is gladly and inevitably forgotten long before he grows up. We remember painfully memorizing the names of all, or was it the principal Norwegian fiords. We have forgotten them now, and if we ever have occasion to go to Norway, we shall, no doubt, find all we want to know about them in Bædeker. People, the omniscient grown-ups, told us that when we

were grown up ourselves we should know the use of these things. That lie our fellow grown-ups are no doubt industriously propagating among our successors in the schoolroom. If this book should fall into the hands of any boy or girl, we trust they will take due note of these things, and while not taking the dicta of their teachers and governesses too seriously, charitably remember that these functionaries are not malignant demi-gods, but well-meaning, underpaid fellow-creatures.

We may confidently affirm that the lower a man's standard of education, the more he will be an adherent of formalism in teaching. Those of us who served our country through the war must have painful or amusing memories of the sergeant and his methods of instruction, how he would reel off long paragraphs from the drill book with headlong rapidity, and then blast and damn any unfortunate ploughboy who failed in the superhuman task of instantly translating the gabble into movement. The sergeant-instructor in musketry is usually the strangest compound of efficiency and pedantry. A good shot himself, and with a sound working knowledge of his rifle, he will yet waste long half-hours in teaching his squad not how the rifle works, but the names of all its innumerable ramps and swivels and groves, as if being able to invest each

of these parts with a particular sound explained once and for all its membership in the little mechanical common-wealth that we call Lee-Enfield, Mark III.

The harm of these methods of teaching, and of the false and formal ideas of knowledge on which they are based, is that they provide the opportunity for such parasitic growths as the trick memory system or mind system. If education is a mere matter of learning names, dates and formulæ, then the opportunity of the Jones secret methods comes in. If teaching is based on love and grasp of the subject, these unnatural expedients, these catenations and figure-alphabets, will be felt at once to be an intolerable nuisance, or, at best, hole and corner expedients for matters of no importance, methods too cumbrous and too fallible to be worth the trouble of mastering.

Make knowledge vital, eliminate the formula! Remember that memorizing lists of things is at best a necessary evil, and in the vast majority of instances, an evil that can and ought to be avoided. Here comes in the usefulness of the book of reference, of the note-book, even of the slip of paper. We remember, some time ago, discussing memory-systems with one of the most astute of modern publishers, a gentleman with a phenomenal memory, and a wholesale disbelief in systems:

"I remember things," he said, "by being interested in them."

"But how," we asked, "would you remember a telephone number?"

"I don't want to," was the conclusive reply, "I've got a telephone book."

It is wonderful to what an extent even a small pocket-book can save one from the necessity of cramming the brain with disconnected and arbitrary facts and figures. The notes need to be systematic, abbreviated to the least possible compass, and containing not a word nor a figure more than is necessary for the purpose in hand. Any attempt to give finish or elegance to notes is as absurd as the painting of flowers across the face of a mirror.

Unfortunately, there is no more disastrous feature in education as it exists to-day than the reckless abuse of note-books. Instead of being used as a sort of lumber room for odds and ends with which it is inexpedient to load the brain, they are used as a substitute for the brain itself. This is the whole basis of the modern form of the lecture system, which is designed, with the most scientific thoroughness, to prevent the pupil from thinking for himself. The lecturer has first to perform the labour of digesting the subject, and the student makes a digest of the digest in a note-book, and reproduces as much as he can of the

horrid, resultant mixture in his examination paper. It would, we suppose, be hopeless to suggest that it would usually pay the pupil, in the long run, to keep away from the lecture room, and, no matter how painfully and with how many mistakes, puzzle out the matter himself from such authorities as are available. Unfortunately, the vested interests behind the lecture system are too powerful, and mental laziness only too glad of any excuse to get its thinking done by proxy.

Except for the purpose of storing disconnected facts, which cannot be woven into the organized body of our knowledge, the note-book is no better than a mental crutch. What is stored in the mind fructifies, like a seed planted in the ground; what is stored in a note-book, like seeds in a packet, does not fructify. To attempt to master the essentials of any subject through the medium of note-books is an outrage on thought worthy of the academic or official intelligence at its very worst.

VI

THE FEELINGS

We now come to the second stage of the progress from impression to action. Hitherto we have pictured the mind as a receiver, now we have to consider it as a giver. We have seen that no impression once stored in the brain ever dies, unless life itself comes to an end before it has had time to fructify in deeds, and even then we are assuming more than we know about death if we say positively that it is lost.

That everything once received into the mind must go forth into the world again is but a commonplace of psychology. What is less generally appreciated is the variation, both of individual and national temperaments, in the time taken by the process. In certain natures the mind is like a pistol with a hair trigger, which goes off almost as soon as it is touched. Possessors of such a temperament speak and act without reflecting and without hesitating, brilliancy without depth is their characteristic. The peoples who have, with more or less ethnological warrant, been

classed together as Celtic, have been marked, in the most conspicuous degree, by this sudden transition from thought to action. Brave and eloquent, with a wonderful sensitiveness to natural beauty and delicacy of style, they have yet, in the strangest manner, failed to "make good" even in the æsthetic sphere. The slow-witted and Philistine Saxon is a source of not unnatural amusement to his Western neighbours, the very names of whose villages and speech of whose villagers is poetry, and yet the long succession of English names, from Chaucer onwards, bears witness to the fact that even in poetry neither Ireland nor Wales could produce a name fit to compare with Shakespeare for dramatic insight, Milton for grandeur, Chaucer for humanity. Shelley for delicacy, Keats for sensuous opulence, Blake for the mystic vision, Dryden for satire. So glaring is the contrast and so astonishing, in view of what we should naturally expect from Celtic dreamer and Saxon materialist, that perplexed or patriotic critics have actually invented the extraordinary fiction that whenever a Saxon produces good poetry it is owing to the Celtic element that is in him.

The fact is that the very mental quality that makes for the Celt's brilliance makes also for his instability. So quickly do ideas pass through his mind, that they seldom have time to fructify.

Your Irishman will be wanting to fight you to the death one minute, and the next he will be borrowing what he has not got to lend you. Contrast this with the Lowland Scots temperament which, whatever Celtic element it may originally have contained, has been turned inside out by Calvinism acting on its Northumbrian and Norman element. The progress from impression to action is as much too slow with Sandy as it is too quick with Patrick. In all that he does he will act advisedly, even a joke demands to be carefully considered in all its bearings before he will laugh at it. While the Irishman, out of mere boredom or bravado, will give or gamble away all that he has, the Scot will meditate long and gloomily before parting with a bawbee. The result is that, speaking very generally, it may be said that the Irishman, while always brilliant, is seldom thorough, and the Lowland Scot, though always thorough, often woefully lacking in brilliancy.

So that here again the middle way is the one for the aspirant after perfection, the way neither of headlong rapidity, which gives ideas no time to fructify in the subconscious nor even to be properly dealt with by the conscious mind, nor yet of excessive slowness, which is a clog upon all decisive or generous action. The process of the mind ought to be at once free and controlled, a difficult

idea to grasp, but not so hard if we consider the homely analogy of the first-class batsman, whose freest strokes are the ones he knows most about. The reason is that the conscious and subconscious minds are here working in perfect harmony and unison.

It is now time to go a little more closely into the meaning of this distinction, one of the most important in psychology, and peculiarly the discovery of the twentieth century. Even the greatest nineteenth century psychologists, strong as they were in all points relating to the intelligence, can hardly be said to have grasped the rudiments of emotional study. With instinct, indeed, they were familiar enough, they knew that processes which had become habitual were relegated by the brain to lower centres, and were performed more or less automatically. The brain was pictured as a kind of headquarters, which only dealt with matters which the subordinate centres were unable to decide for themselves. This scheme of things had all the attractiveness of simplicity, but perhaps it was too simple to be altogether scientific. A study, both of the animal and vegetable world, might have suggested that there was something in instinctive process not altogether automatic, that the battery of the electric eel, and the strategy of aphis and orchid, might display purpose and foresight of a

high order without partaking of anything which we could fairly call consciousness. Space forbids us to follow up the line of thought which we have only hinted at here; to go fully into the relations of instinct with the subconsciousness, as we use the word to-day, would demand a treatise in itself, and we must keep to our task of being as practical as is consistent with cleverness.

What the twentieth century has discovered is that below the conscious surface of the mind there take place not only the nearly automatic reactions that we were accustomed to class as instinctive and reflex, but complicated processes of thought and feeling that are quite as important, in their way, as any of which we are consciously aware. Very often we have been baffled by some problem overnight, and on waking up in the morning have found that it has straightened itself out as if by magic; something has been going on in the brain while we were asleep. Then, again, it was found that it was possible for some people to write, or even to paint quite creditably, without having the least idea what their hands or brains were doing. Some were inclined to attribute all this to supernatural agency, others, more skeptical, suggested that the so-called mediums had merely managed to tap mental resources of their own that were not usually available.

Then came the epoch-making work of certain

continental nerve specialists, of whom the two principal were a Viennese doctor named Freud, and a Swiss doctor named Jung. These gentlemen, who had the advantage of many years' successful experience in dealing with neurasthenics, proclaimed to the world that the subconscious part of the mind was no longer a closed book nor a thing of unintelligible caprice, but subject to definite and ascertainable laws of brilliant treatises. They explained how an habitual tendency to react in a certain way to a certain class of impressions is often disguised from the agent himself, and how impressions formed in early childhood often dominate the whole course of our lives without our ever being aware of it.

They added a new and most important significance to the old Greek maxim, "Know thyself." They were not great believers in the methods of hypnotism and suggestion that were practised by Dr. Milne Bramwell in England and the Nancy school in France; they held that all this was only tinkering at the surface, that the conscious errors corrected at the time were the outward and visible manifestations of deep-rooted and emotional "complexes," that could only be discovered by patient and expert analysis. Once the patient could be made aware of the exact nature of these complexes, once they could be brought up above

the surface, the back of the trouble, they held, would be broken, and the evil thing could even be diverted to fulfil the most beneficent purposes.

Naturally the greatest sensation throughout Europe was caused by these discoveries, especially when backed by such successful results as these experienced doctors claimed for their methods. As always happens, once a new discovery has obtained recognition, it was swallowed whole and uncritically, it became the latest craze in advanced circles and postdate novels to discourse of Œdipus complexes and repressed wishes, and to accept, with an almost evangelical enthusiasm, the inspiriting doctrine that the great majority of mankind have no more ardent desire than that of murdering their parent of the same sex.

It is no disparagement of the pioneer work accomplished by Doctors Jung and Freud to remark that like all pioneers they could not resist making out their discovery to be a more simple and unqualified affair than the facts warranted. They are, as their names indicate, of Teutonic extraction, and like all Teutons, somewhat deficient in suppleness of mind, in humour and in sense of proportion. Moreover, however extensive their experience, it is experience of one, and that a peculiarly treacherous kind. They are nerve-doctors, and therefore the types that they study,

day in and day out, are mentally abnormal and diseased. Is it any wonder that they should have started prescribing for the whole of mankind as if it were afflicted in a like manner?

This is, we think, the explanation of the stress that the analytical psychologists and, in particular, Freud, are continually laying upon the element of sex, until we get the extraordinary doctrine that everything that takes place beneath the surface is in one sense or another sexual. It is highly probable that from ignorance or prudery people have, in the past, been accustomed to lay too little stress on the manifold workings of sex in ordinary life, but to draw such far-fetched and nauseating conclusions as we have seen again and again in standard works of Analytical Psychology, and which for obvious reasons we forbear to quote, is simply to make the mistake of generalizing from nervous patients, who are notoriously obsessed by sex, to the normal, healthy mass of mankind and womankind, in whose motives sex no doubt plays an important part, but by no means to the exclusion of all others. We remember reading the history of a five-year old child, of German parentage, whose object in life it appears to have been to elucidate, by the coarsest enquiries, all that there was to be known about the most intimate affairs of grown-up people. The fact that this little monster of

dirtiness is held up, at least by implication, as typical of childhood, must strike anybody who knows children at all intimately, as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the extreme Freudian doctrine.

In another most important department of the new analysis, that of dreams, it is evident that Freud's conclusions stand in need of considerable revision. It is, no doubt, a wonderful achievement to have extended the empire of science once and for all over the fleeting and shadowy world of dreams, to show that even here there is nothing arbitrary, nothing ungoverned by law. But it must strike anybody who has read Freud's classic work that he is simplifying the case beyond all reason when he maintains that a dream is merely the fulfilment of a repressed wish. Everybody who has given attention to his dreams must be able to cite instances of the exactly opposite tendency, when the dream has expressed not a wish, but a positive fear. Sometimes, too, dreams are an obvious translation of physical experiences. One instance is that of a slight feeling of indigestion invariably causing a certain individual to dream of coffins and funerals. Again, the author can cite a dream of his own, in which he heard a voice saying, in impressive tones: "And then the silence of the night was cloven asunder by the dismal howling of a dog." It was too true, the old retriever in the yard was

giving a fearful exhibition of his musical powers at three o'clock in the morning, and sleep was murdered. Not even a Jesuit could extract a repressed wish from such a dream.

We have indicated what we consider to be some of the flaws and extravagances in the Freudian theory. These, however, must not blind us to the fact that the whole spirit of psychology has been revolutionized by the discovery of the subconscious, and by the new methods of dealing with it. Previous systems of mastering the emotions broke down because they did not understand what they were dealing with, but only addressed themselves to the conscious and superficial aspects of the problem. It is now established that the first requisite of a sound emotional discipline is, by rigorous self-analysis, to find out our subconscious habits and their causes.

Psycho-analysis has so far indicated two main ways of compassing this, that of dream study, and that of verbal reactions. In dreams you get little bits of the subconscious breaking loose and straying about on the surface. The trouble is, once you have succeeded in recalling a dream, to find out what your subconsciousness really means by it. For dreams seldom speak directly, the subconscious mind has a positive delight in mystifications. It will condense two or three experiences into one, it will use one symbol to

indicate several different persons or things. It requires, in fact, an expert of the first order to act as dream interpreter, and the ordinary man must proceed with great caution, looking out for any indication of repressed fears or wishes, and remembering that exactness upon such a subject is a thing that mortals can hardly expect to attain.

The method of verbal reactions requires two people to practice, but is even more fruitful than that of analysing dreams. The idea of it is simple. You want to find out how you tend to react to different kinds of impression before your conscious mind has had time to pronounce its veto. You therefore get your friend to make out a list of, say fifty words, and to repeat them to you one after the other, in order that as soon as each word is read out you may reply as quickly as possible with whatever word comes into your mind. It will then be possible to find out with what you naturally associate particular types of impression and therefore what kind of a temperament is yours. The lists of words should be at once simple and comprehensive, and should contain such common nouns as *dog, house* and *ship,* such adjectives as *blue, jolly,* and *religious,* intermingled with words designed to catch, as it were, the commonest sorts of emotional complex, such as *father, mother, kiss, marry* and *baby;* one

or two definitely topical allusions may be thrown in, names of particular people or places that may play a large part in the subject's emotional life. A specimen list is subjoined:

1. Blue	11. Dirty	21. House	31. German	41. Insult
2. Dog	12. Mother	22. Honour	32. Motor	42. Bolshevik
3. Father	13. Jolly	23. Happy	33. Hate	43. Proposal
4. Light	14. Church	24. Death	34. Drunk	44. Clergyman
5. Marry	15. Disease	25. Mary	35. Bed	45. Ship
6. John	16. Luck	26. Cow	36. Sin	46. Love
7. Dress	17. Husband	27. Convention	37. Rapture	47. Horrid
8. Kind	18. Selfish	28. Yellow	38. Home	48. Baby
9. Kiss	19. Brother	29. Flower	39. Door	49. Religious
10. Money	20. Bride	30. Hell	40. Doubt	50. Investment

This list, of course, will vary with each person on whom you practise the experiment. You must impress upon the subject that he is not to think about the answers nor try to find an appropriate word, his whole object being to say any word, however irrelevant, at once without thinking at all. With a stop watch you record the exact time taken by each answer.

When you have got a little practice in this, and have induced a certain number of your friends to "sit" to you, you will be surprised to discover how clearly marked is each character in each series of reactions. There is the normal, unimaginative, matter-of-fact type, all of whose answers are strictly objective, and usually designate something of the same kind as the thing

named, thus to *blue* the answer would be *green,* to *dog—cat,* and to *father—mother.* This is a type from which it is impossible to extract much more specific information than that it is normal and not troubled with any strong emotions, it is the temperament of the healthy Philistine. Next comes what has been called the predicate type, in which the answers designate not the nature of the thing named, but its effect on the subject's emotions. Thus to *blue* you may get *heavenly,* to *dog—nice,* and to *father—afraid;* an extreme form of this is what we may call the explosive type, in which the emotions are extremely emphasized, and sometimes take the form not of words, but of inarticulate exclamations; thus, we remember one gentleman, of southern blood, who answered to the word "insult" with a sound that we can only designate by the 'grrrr!" of Browning, himself somewhat of the explosive temperament. Then there is the hopeless dullard, whose first instinct on hearing a word is to explain or paraphrase it, to answer to *blue—a kind of colour,* and to *dog—an animal with four feet.*

Of the more emotional temperaments there are what we might describe as the generous and the selfish. The latter sees everything as it affects itself, the former is capable of a more impersonal emotion, to the word "church" a generous reaction might be "holy," a selfish one

"long," referring to the length of yesterday's sermon. Finally, we must notice the wandering type, which we meet with in old people, whose answers are frequently vague and inconsequential, as if their poor old minds were losing some of their grip upon life.

So much for types of temperament, but the method of word reactions may be relied upon to tell us more specific things than this. Sometimes, instead of answering, the subject will hesitate for several seconds, and perhaps, finally, not answer at all. This is always a matter of significance. It means that some habitual emotion connected with this word has been forced below the surface, because the conscious self is afraid or unwilling to acknowledge it. This is what is known as a repression, and we owe to the analytical psychologists the discovery that a large part of our emotional life is made up of these very repressions, that the reasons we consciously and honestly assign for our actions are time and again merely convenient fictions for masking our real motives.

Let us take the instance of a common type of country gentleman. At the bottom of his mind he is naturally and humanly terrified at the prospect of a social revolution that will drive him and his family out of their comfortable position into beggary, he regards the lower class with a mix-

ture of fear and aversion, but it would never do to acknowledge these motives even to himself; he is a lover of his country, he has a single-hearted regard for the true interests of the working man, he, of all folk, deprecates class warfare. Only, if you should presume, however deferentially, to question these assumptions, the old gentleman will turn red in the face, and bellow his wrath at you. For why? You have tactlessly and most unkindly refused to regard the subconscious convention on which his whole self-respect is based, his subconscious revolts against the idea of his hidden reasons being dragged to the light of day.

More than half of what we call bigotry reposes upon the fact that men have no wish to have their real reasons for holding this or that opinion submitted to the dry light of reason. The arguments they use are not meant to convince their reason, but to hide their true reasons for acting or believing as they do. The schoolboy's definition of faith, "believing what we know is not true," is, in a vast number of instances, perfectly accurate. Take the unhappy case of an honest, but naturally skeptical clergyman. His means of livelihood, often pitifully exiguous, depend upon his faith in certain doctrines; should he disavow these, he will be bound in honour to resign his charge and his wife and children will starve. Is

it likely that such a man is going to discuss candidly, and with an open mind, the foundations of his religion? And yet the poor fellow would be genuinely shocked if you were to suggest that he is incapable of discussing the matter honestly.

So we go through the world, nearly all of us, with one set of motives which we avow, and another which we keep below the surface and which determines most of our actions. How often this peeps out in the commonest affairs of life! We have a way of forgetting things almost deliberately, we are determined to pay such and such a bill, we remind ourselves of it repeatedly, but somehow the times when we think of it are never those on which our cheque book is handy. Again, we are due for some appointment we dislike; nothing seems to go right, we find we have forgotten the time and perhaps we suddenly develop headache; that is a legitimate excuse, and we flatter our consciences that it is genuine. Many of those soldiers, who are perpetually going sick when a hard job of work is toward, are not consciously malingerers, it is merely their subconscious mind that makes desire father to belief.

To return to our word-reaction experiment, it ought to be possible to find out, with skilful handling, what are the great, habitual motives that unconsciously sway our minds. Many of us

rival Peter Pan in our capacity for never growing up. Emotional complexes, formed in our earliest childhood, continue to determine the whole subsequent course of our lives. Without accepting all the conclusions that the phycho-analysts draw from their study of neurotic patients, we may allow that the love or suppressed hatred of parents plays a part in most people's lives that they never dream of. We have known in more than one instance, of healthy, agreeable men, devotedly attached to their mothers, who never evinced the smallest inclination for any other woman. What is called a fixation has been established in early childhood, the natural expansion of the affections is stopped, and the son finds all that his heart requires in the mother.

Again, a youth may grow up in the perpetual defiance of authority, he is a heretic by nature. If you track this feeling down, you may find it rooted in a suppressed hatred of his father, of whom, as a child, the son was much afraid, and whom every kind of authority symbolizes to him.

It is a task of no small difficulty to bring these "complexes" to the light. You must be prepared to follow up any hint you may get in the course of your investigations. Thus, if to the word "father" you get a perceptible hesitation, it is worth while repeating it a little later, a practice you should invariably adopt in the case of hesita-

tion. You can also throw out other words designed to catch the father complex. We are here treating you as the operator and not as the subject of the experiment, and it is as well to practise, mutually, with some friend you can trust not to betray your secrets. Practice will suggest a variety of expedients, one of them being, in case of an obstinate repression, to tell the subject to make his mind a blank, and then to visualize something, anything, and tell you what he sees.

We should like to enlarge further upon this most interesting expedient of modern psychology, but space forbids us, and we recommend the seeker after fuller information to consult the classics of analytical phychology, and, in particular, Jung's "Studies in Word Association." But an immense amount can be done by mere commonsense and self-analysis. An honest determination to disentangle our real motives, a profound skepticism about those we profess, and a review of our past actions and feelings in the view of what psycho-analysis has revealed about mankind in general, will do much to make us amenable to that vital precept, "Know thyself."

We hear a great deal about clear thinking, and it is important enough in all conscience, but it is only of recent years that we have awakened to the importance of what we may style as clear

feeling. We are dishonest, to an appalling degree, about our emotions, and until we have got this straightened out the prospects of human progress are gloomy indeed. We mouth our love of humanity when we want to get all we can for our country, and our love of country when we want to get all we can for ourselves; we designate by love the crudest form of sexual passion, and by religion the baffled craving for an earthly consort; we go into raptures over a mother love that is often as animal and destructive as that of the sow which devours her young. Sentimentalism is nothing more than the trumpeting, as genuine, of the masks we put on to disguise our real feelings. The cry of the dying Goethe for light is sounding to-day, a voice in the wilderness, but less for light on our minds than on our hearts.

To bring our hidden motives into the light of day, that is the supreme task which lies before seekers for truth, poets, novelists, social students, statesmen, in the difficult times that lie before us. But it is at home, with his own self and character, that it behoves each one of us to begin. We know now the nature of emotion, we know that owing to our past habits and experiences every impression tends to discharge itself in a certain kind of action. Hitherto this has gone on without our knowing it, and where there is no knowledge there can be no control. We want to bring

out the "complexes" to the light of day, we want to be the masters and not the slaves of our reactions, these monsters that have dominated us in secret must be bitted and bridled and turned consciously to our service. This is what we know as sublimation.

For there is no emotion that cannot, by judicious treatment, be diverted and transformed into something desirable. The hatred against the father, which found vent in a hedgehog-like attitude of defiance, may become a noble enthusiasm for liberty; gross animal passion may be transformed, as with more than one religious genius in the past, into refined spiritual fervour; even cruelty, the most detestable of human passions, may become, from a luxury in pain, an acute sensitiveness to it, a noble humanitarianism. "Mortify your affections and lusts" was the word of the old evangelist; our own age has discovered a better way, not by mortification but by sublimation shall a man attain to perfection. Did we say "discovered"? Perhaps "recovered" would be a better word, for what is sublimation but the restatement, in terms of modern psychology, of the old theological "putting on of the new man" and being born again.

VII

THE WILL

An emotion may be defined as a tendency to act in a particular way, but it is notorious that a mere tendency to act by no means implies that the act in question will ever be performed. An unhappily common type of character is full of noble intentions which never get translated into deeds. The tendency to act is counteracted by others and a sort of balance is produced, which results in something approaching more or less to mental paralysis.

It is not necessarily lack of vital energy that paralyses the will, it is rather that the emotions, the tendencies to act, do not find a clear or continuous outlet. We know that every impression tries to translate itself into action of some sort, but the mind is stored with the results of previous impressions, and it is not likely that the newcomer will get a perfectly clear run. The very wealth of a person's mind may set up so many conflicting tendencies as to be fatal to decisive or determined action. What we call energy is a matter partly of heredity and partly of physical health, what determines strength of will is less energy than singleness of purpose. If the desired action

can be steadily held before the mind to the exclusion of all else, the action itself, within the limits of physical possibility, will follow as a matter of course.

Hamlet is the classic instance of a man of exuberant energy and yet of fluctuating and uncertain will. When Hamlet has once got a clear lead, when he has no alternative course of action to consider, he acts with a volcanic force that carries all before it. The man who will lead the boarding party against a pirate ship, who will whip out his sword and transfix what he takes to be a monarch behind an arras, who will follow a ghost to the remote battlements of the castle, is surely not what we should call a weakling; Hamlet is, in fact, strong to the point of brutality. Unfortunately, if he has a second to reflect, so many conflicting tendencies arise in his mind that he temporizes and throws away every opportunity, while such inferior characters as Claudius, Fortinbras and even Laertes are realizing their simpler purposes in deeds.

The essentials of a strong will are therefore threefold:

(1) *Vital energy,* which is rather a physical than a mental property.

(2) *Attention,* which means that the tendency to act shall find a clear outlet, and not be counteracted by other tendencies.

(3) *Concentration*, which means that the tendency shall be continuous, as well as unimpeded, that the mind shall not only be clear as to what action is required, but continue clear until the action is performed.

We may say at once that our application of these words is, perhaps, more definite than custom warrants. Their meanings are, in fact, apt to overlap, and we have here, for greater convenience, taken concentration to imply continuous attention. Thus we see that our third essential of will-power, concentration, is really the second, attention, with the time element added. It is with concentration, then, that we are to deal in this chapter.

The importance of fixing the mind upon one purpose, to the exclusion of all others, is best realized by considering what happens in hypnotism. We know that hypnotized people are capable of displaying a concentration upon one suggested purpose that renders them capable of undergoing surgical operations without feeling them, of perceiving things to which they are ordinarily insensible, and of evincing a determination of which they might have been supposed incapable. The theory that has found most general acceptation, and which alone appears to cover the facts, is that one group or complex of ideas, the one concerned with the suggestion, gets

altogether dissociated from the rest of the mind, and has an absolutely free outlet into action, unimpeded by any other considerations. This accounts for the fact that the patient generally forgets what he has done during the trance. The awful strength displayed sometimes by madmen and epileptics is probably to be explained by similar causes, the whole force of the mind, above and below the surface, is flung, like the last reserves of an army, into one set of muscular actions.

Ordinarily, whenever we decide upon one course of action, other tendencies of the mind are like little cords or brakes, too feeble to stop the action altogether, but strong enough, though unperceived, to take off its edge, to weaken it to an undefinable extent. If we could only master the secret of performing our actions with absolute singleness of purpose, of knowing exactly what we wanted to do before we set out to do it, we should be not far off from being supermen.

What is it that inspires us with confidence in a man? What is the secret of command that made a corrupt House of Commons tremble like slaves beneath the flashing eye of the elder Pitt, and the presence of Napoleon to be considered equivalent to a reinforcement of forty-thousand men? Nothing more nor less than the fact that these men conveyed the impression of absolute concen-

tration of purpose, their minds never appeared to vacillate, but went straight forward to the goal. At Marengo, when his army was in full flight before the pursuing Austrians, Napoleon rode among his broken troops with the words:

"You have gone far enough, remember, it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

The incident of the Spartan at Thermopylæ, who replied to the Persian's boast that their arrows would darken the sky, "Then we shall fight in the shade," is typical of the unhesitating fixity of purpose which made these warriors of one city to be regarded as something more than human by the hosts of the great king.

Captains of industry are made of this stuff. The foremost of them are generally quiet men, and they accept success, not as if it were a rare and priceless boon, but as if it belonged to them. They are not hurried into premature decisions they have not the nervous anxiety which induces them to plunge into the first tempting gamble, they wait and pick the favourable moment, and then commit themselves whole-heartedly to the venture, without ever doubting or looking back. Their confidence communicates itself to others, men come to rely on them without even knowing why, as a matter of course. It is the same with the humblest clerk applying for a situation. It is

the man who is quietly, respectfully confident of his ability to fill the post who, without any pleading or self-advertisement, brings round the employer to his way of thinking.

What, then, is the secret of concentration? Firstly, to be perfectly clear about what we want to do, and secondly, by the faculty of the imagination, to picture ourselves doing it. The first, in fact, implies the second, for unless we visualize what we want, we shall never be clear about it.

Supposing we want to do so simple (if we may call it simple) a thing as to drive a golf ball. It is necessary, if we are to be successful, to make a clear picture of the whole movement before we perform it. In order to make sure of getting our mind clearly on what we want to do, we have invented the preliminary business of addressing the ball, a rehearsal in miniature of our swing. How much the whole affair is a matter of foresight will be seen if we try the experiment, though assuredly not during the game, of trying to stop our club immediately after contact with the ball. It is obvious that once the club and the ball have parted company, the stroke is made, and no subsequent movement on our part can have the least mechanical effect upon it. Nevertheless, if we try to pull up the swing after the stroke, the result will be found disastrous.

The reason is that in order to check the swing afterwards, we must visualize ourselves doing so before, and the whole smoothness and rhythm of the stroke will be destroyed, first in our brains and afterwards, as a natural consequence, in our actions.

We shall find this principle holding good in the most important as well as the most trivial affairs of life. The man who is going to act successfully is he who can hold the whole task in his mind's eye and see himself performing it. That is the secret of drill; the successful commander of any unit from a squad to a brigade on the drill ground, is the one who sees each order completed before he gives it. The clear picture means the clear purpose, and it is the sense of this that makes the order efficiently obeyed. In a business interview, the secret is the same, it is the man who pictures to himself quite clearly the course he intends affairs to take, who will convince the other man; the salesman, who is recommending to a customer some new make of electric vacuum cleaner, will be most likely to succeed if he can see the machine already installed, and performing a score of useful purposes, he is quietly but absolutely convinced that the customer, being a sensible man, will see, what is so obvious, that this machine is the very thing that he wants to make his house into a little paradise of cleanliness and ease.

To return to Napoleon, he happened, during the battle of Leipzig, to have lost an important position, a little rise that was vital to his system of defence. There was only one regiment available for its recapture, the 22nd Light Infantry. Galloping up to their Commander, he cried:

"What regiment is this?"

"Sire, it is the 22nd Light Infantry."

"I do not believe it," thundered Napoleon, "the 22nd Light Infantry would not be here with the enemy on that hill."

He had actually visualized its capture, and it is not surprising that within a very few minutes his vision passed at the charge into reality.

An exercise may here be suggested that can be practised at any hour of the day. Time yourself over some simple operation, the more simple and trivial the better. Suppose you start from the moment you get out of bed, and time the processes of bathing, dressing and shaving, being of course careful to abate no jot of thoroughness. Try to foresee from moment to moment exactly what you are going to do, cut out the time you spend in indeterminate movements, lying in your bath thinking, ostensibly, about your business, but subconsciously finding excuse to postpone getting out into the cold air again; avoid fumbling with your towel; ensure that your razor,

brush and shaving soap are ready to hand when you want to pick them up; instead of whistling and wool-gathering, bend your energies to foreseeing exactly what you want to do and picturing it done. You will not only inculcate habits of concentration and efficiency, but you will have saved more time than you would have thought possible for more profitable and pleasant occupations than that of making yourself presentable for the day.

But, the ordinary man will object, "it is all very well to lay down these excellent precepts, the trouble with me is to carry them out, in the words of the Latin poet, 'I see and prove better things, I follow the worse.' " That is certainly the great difficulty, as everyone who has followed any system of mind training must have found out to his cost. He may quite admit, in theory, the advantages of foresight and clear visualization, he may possibly start with much energy to cultivate them; but after a time he feels the freshness wearing off, and begins gradually to slide back into the old habits. "Miserable man that I am, how shall I escape the body of this death?"

Fortunately, our resources are not yet at an end, there are ways of strengthening the will-power that have been practised, to some extent, throughout recorded history, but the nature of which we are only just beginning to apprehend

scientifically. We have already alluded to hypnotic suggestion, which was no doubt practised, in crude and empirical forms, by the most primitive as well as the most highly developed religions. When a tribe of savages calls itself the "Bears," when they are initiated, with every circumstance of realism, into beardom, when they are constantly pretending to be bears, and imitating the actions of bears, they come in time to more than half believe that bears they actually are, and their capacity for fighting and endurance is proportionately increased. The elaborate ritualism and ceremonial of certain forms of Christianity is, and we say it in no disparaging spirit, essentially hypnotic in its methods. By the performance of symbolic acts, with every accompaniment of solemnity that the experience of ages can devise, it is hoped to make the outward and visible signs of repentance, of new birth and of holiness produce the reality in the mind of the worshipper.

All the paraphernalia of ceremonial and close-order drill, which seems so useless to the civilian mind, but on which soldiers are always insisting, is, in truth, a form of suggestion which is at least closely allied to hypnotism. Every effort is made to plant certain truths in the soldier's mind so strongly as to have the force of fixed ideas or beneficent obsessions. It is the basis of the

system, one that can at least claim to have worked magnificently in practice. From the moment he enters the barracks, the soldier is taught to hold his will at the immediate and, within certain limits, absolute disposal of his officers and non-commissioned officers. Obedience becomes such a rooted habit with him that in times of stress and danger he is following the line of least resistance in obeying orders, he is exactly in the position of a man carrying out the suggestions of a hypnotist, every impression he gets from his superiors sets up a clear and detached tendency to action with which not even the fear of Wilhelm and all his legions is allowed to interfere.

It would be of no practical use to enter into the discussion of where hypnotism ends and suggestion begins. It is impossible to draw a line. The most successful modern practitioners are beginning largely to dispense with the passes and trances of their predecessors, a few words are often enough to produce the suggestibility required. There are some people whose very eyes have the effect of paralyzing the will, and it is probable that some of the most notorious Don Juans have been possessed of this power. It is half the secret of the most successful oratory. Those who have read any of the speeches of the late Mr. Gladstone find it hard to imagine what there can have been in those long and elaborately

qualified periods to explain the magic with which he was able to sway large masses of men. Those who have heard him speak will say that it was partly his voice, but most of all his eye, that held them spell-bound, that convinced them against their will, so that opponents were often puzzled, on thinking over what they had heard, to imagine what could have produced so wonderful a temporary conversion.

Hypnotism, then, we may regard as the most extreme form of hetero-suggestion, or suggestion by others. To get himself formally hypnotised is hardly a practical proposition for the ordinary man, and, even if it were, there is something repugnant about the notion of submitting the will, with whatever reservations, to somebody else's suggestion. Be its advantages what they may, it is not a thing that we can imagine any healthy or normal man wanting to do. If having your thinking done for you by a lecturer weakens, as it undoubtedly does, your mental stamina, much more will having your decisions suggested to you by a doctor weaken your moral stamina.

Hypnotic treatment by others being ruled out as impracticable, we have to fall back upon the method of auto-suggestion, or every man acting as his own hypnotist. It is obvious that this method must necessarily sacrifice a good deal of the strength that lies behind the suggestions of

others. Nobody can get outside himself, put himself into a hypnotic trance or state of suggestibility and then proceed to dictate suggestions. The same person has got at one and the same time to be passive in the rôle of patient and active in the rôle of hypnotist. It is not surprising, therefore, that auto-suggestion is more difficult to induce, and less certain in its effects, than the suggestions of a skilled hypnotist.

Nevertheless, auto-suggestion is practicable, and though it may show meagre results to start with, the power to apply it increases with practice, and it has this decisive advantage, that the commands are our own, and not imposed upon us from outside.

In a certain sense, every action we take is the result of a command. If we are in the last lap of a mile race, and feel we have reached the limit of our endurance, we say to our muscles: "You shall stick it out however much you protest against it." We may not be conscious of the commands we give, but the brain is constanly flashing out orders to the muscles, and the muscles, to the limit of their physical capacity, obey the brain. What we aim at doing, by auto-suggestion, is deliberately to strengthen these commands, and dissociate them, so to speak, from other operations of the brain. We want the order to the muscles to be, as it were, a "line clear" message.

To do this, we must study the methods of the hypnotist, and try to apply them, as far as possible, to our own selves. It is his aim to produce a drowsy condition in the patient, in order to make him responsive to suggestion. Very well, then, it will be to our advantage to seize such occasions as find us in the self-same condition, occasions when we are naturally drowsy. Such times will be when we are on the verge of sleep, either just as we are dropping off at night, or just as we are waking up in the morning. This is not as easy as it seems, or as most of the writers on the subject seem to imagine. The very fact of our being half asleep makes us inefficient and lazy suggestors. The only thing to do is to think out the exact form of suggestion beforehand, and summon all our determination to the task of repeating and picturing this to ourselves as soon as our heads touch the pillow.

At other times, we must aim at inducing the hypnotic state as nearly as possible by artifice. A bright object, placed above the level of the eyes and steadily gazed at, will induce a susceptibility to suggestion just as if it were held in the hand of a hypnotist; music, if you can get it played to you, has often a similar effect. For this, Oriental is preferable to Western music, which is too thought-provoking and energetic. It is difficult to imagine anyone being soothed

into a pleasant drowsiness by Beethoven, but the endless, repeated monotony of Chinese music produces, in those who can appreciate it, the effect of a minute dose of opium. Finally, there is the method known by religious devotees as that of "going into the silence," which consists in deliberately rendering the mind a blank to all impressions, and concentrating the thought, so far as this can be done, upon the idea of nothingness.

The suggestions themselves, which, to produce their best effect, should be memorized beforehand so that they can be reproduced by a person in a state of drowsiness, should obviously be short and to the point. We say obviously, but we are in some doubt as to the justice of the word after reading the tremendous formulæ we find in books on the subject. We extract a passage out of a "formula for auto-suggestion" against the cigarette mania, quoted by Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson, who might be presumed, from his prominent position in connection with mind-training, to know all there is worth knowing about suggestion:

"The habit of inhaling the volatile poisons of tobacco in the form of smoke, whereby they are brought into immediate contact with many hundred square feet of absorbing lung tissue, is creating degenerative changes in vital organs, especially the nerve centres. It is degrading the

brain cell, so that moral propensity cannot be expressed," and then, a little later, "I shall no longer use it at the instigation of habit, to stimulate me quickly for sport and pastime, nor at the solicitation of a friend to promote conviviality,"[1] and so on and on, until the reader begins to wonder whether it would not be better just to repeat the Encyclopædia Britannica two or three times before going to sleep, and have done with it.

We will, therefore, qualify our mark by saying that it ought to be obvious that suggestions should be as brief as possible, short, decisive statements or commands, and under no circumstances taking the form of arguments. If we were dealing with the cigarette habit, it would be quite enough to suggest "Cigarettes are poison," or "I swear I won't smoke cigarettes," or "I pledge my honour not to smoke cigarettes," or, as one of a religious turn of mind might phrase it, "God keep me from smoking cigarettes!"

We trust, however, that the ordinary man is not in need of suggestion about matters of this kind, and that he is able, like old King Cole, to enjoy his pipe with a merry conscience. The method of suggestion will usually need to be applied to less obvious faults, and is best of all when it is used, not for a negative, but for a

[1] "The Rational Education of the Will," by T. Sharper Knowlson.

positive purpose. If you are taking the culture of your mind seriously in hand, your suggestions will naturally concern themselves with the next day's programme; if you have a special piece of work on, you will suggest energy and understanding of the task for the next day. For those who believe in it, the most powerful suggestions of all take the form of prayers, repeated just as they are falling asleep. The Christian Scientists have much to answer for in the way of nebulous thinking, but their leader, Mrs. Eddy, certainly stated a principle of profound psychological importance when she counselled her followers to pray, not as if they were asking for something that might or might not be granted, but as if the answer were absolutely inevitable; prayer, in fact, should be less of a petition than a thanksgiving.

Even those who are neither Christian Scientists nor Christians will find the spirit of this counsel not unworthy their consideration. For suggestion is of little efficacy without faith in its accomplishment. We must trust our own powers, we must regard each suggestion as carrying its accomplishment. With this end in view, we must make it a rule never to suggest to ourselves anything that is plainly beyond our powers. The suggestion, once made, should be reinforced by every circumstance of solemnity that we can conceive of, our faith and honour

must be pledged to its accomplishment, and the very idea of making an exception should be regarded as on a par with running away to a soldier, or cheating at cards to any gentleman.

Moreover, we should never embark upon a course of suggestion without making the most careful study of our real emotions, on the lines suggested in the last chapter. It is of no use tinkering on the surface at what we imagine to be our faults, we must dive beneath, and find out the subconscious tendencies and complexes that are our real enemies.

For what is suggestion but a method of appealing to our subconsciousness, of making our desired improvement below the surface as well as above it. The man who suggests to himself that he shall wake at six, is merely asking his subconscious self, like a night porter, to call him, while his conscious self goes to sleep. Suggestion, whether by oneself or others, is the most powerful method yet devised of moulding the inner man. It is hardly necessary, under these circumstances, to point out the importance of getting to know as much as possible about that inner man before we start to try experiments on him.

There is another method of suggestion, not so definite as either of the two preceding, but well worth taking into account. This we may call

suggestion by environment. We have seen how every impression has its influence in shaping our characters, how nothing we take in through the senses ever leaves us quite the same as we were. Few of us are our own masters in our choice of surroundings, but there is much that we can do to keep ourselves exposed to healthy and life-giving impressions. Even if we are tied to a dingy place of abode, we can do what lies within us to make it beautiful. In this respect western civilization has actually gone back. A strange obsession has got about, probably originating in the Industrial Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, that there is something unpractical about any conscious pursuit of beauty. We are, to a certain extent, recovering from the triumphant and aggressive ugliness that culminated in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, but we are still far behind the standard of mediæval and ancient Greek cities.

The Cloth Hall at Ypres, now very efficiently battered to pieces by the science of Herr Krupp, bears witness to the fact that the Flemish business man was not satisfied unless he was able to exercise his calling amid the most beautiful surroundings that wealth and artistic genius could provide. The mere fact of his being constantly within such a building tended to impart that spaciousness and magnificence of soul that a

captain of industry ought to have. It was the instinct of the Athenians to make everything they saw, from the marble-crowned Acropolis high over the blue prospect of the Ægean to the smallest household ornament, the outward and visible expression of that ideal of "beauty without extravagance and contemplation without unmanliness," which makes this little community of bygone men still one of the most powerful and beneficent influences in the world.

Christianity gave the same message, though in a different form. That wonderful mystic and organiser, Paul, in whose genius the East and West were so strongly blended, and whom some would even consider to be the founder of the religion as we know it, counselled his followers to fill their hearts constantly with "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." In other words, they were to be constantly making, constantly courting, the right kind of suggestion.

Above all else, suggestion should aim at happiness as the normal condition of life. Happiness, as we saw in our first chapter, spells physical health, we may go further and say that it spells mental health too. Griefs there must be, they will come without our troubling to seek them, but

these should be the exceptions. We know the buoyant temperament that is cheerful even in the tightest place and under the most acute hardships, we have all met the man or woman who radiate happiness by their very presence. It is for us to go and be likewise, to be suggesting happiness to ourselves every hour of the day, to be content with nothing less than such a radiance. This undertaking will, we may be sure, prove the most profitable on which we have ever embarked.

Finally, we have to suggest to ourselves something even more precious than happiness, what can best be described as greatness of heart or nobility. There is a superiority to petty annoyances and petty aims that is common to those men whom mankind of all ages has delighted to honour, not for their position, but for their own sakes. There is a big-dog attitude in the affairs of life that marks out these men, the question that they ask themselves, however unconsciously, is not "Is this justifiable?" but "Is this noble?" Over all their tombs might be inscribed the epitaph, "He nothing common did nor mean." It would be treason to our race to suggest that what Alfred, what Sir Philip Sidney was, the obscurest city clerk cannot be. The task of thus moulding the character might seem too high to contemplate were it not for the fact that perfection, and nothing less, ought to be the goal of a man.

VIII

RHYTHM

We have now to investigate a fact in psychology towards which the authors of books and systems of mind training have been, if not blind, at least strangely negligent. Mental states are never constant, and exaltation and activity is sure to be followed by a corresponding reaction. Progress does not go evenly forward like a man walking along a straight road, but comes on like the waves, now shooting their tongues far up along the sand, now drawing back and seeming to recede, only imperceptibly gaining ground.

This is a matter which happens to have been more fully realized by mystics than by psychologists. There is a state of mind, known to all devotees, which has been called "dryness," or "the dark night of the soul." No matter how ardent their raptures, how great their certainty of communion with the Deity, they have felt the fires die down, the blessed vision grow dim, and a period has ensued during which they have been unable so much as to concentrate their thoughts upon what lately seemed so real to them. The greatest of those who have experienced this state,

and have safely come through it, have counselled those who follow in their footsteps not to despair, but to have faith, even amid the darkness, that the clouds will be lifted, and that what seems so desolating will prove, in the long run, to have been not only innocuous, but even a positive blessing, a necessary stage in the progress to a higher level.

The student of mind-training is sure, sooner or later, to find himself in a similar predicament, and it is the sternest of all the difficulties that he will have to face. In the first glow of freshness he may throw himself into the quest with all possible ardour, but there will come a time when his efforts seem meaningless, when his mind wanders off any exercise he may have set himself to perform, when his suggestions seem only idle words spoken against the wind. This is the most critical period in his development, and, as it is bound to come sooner or later, it is well to be fully cognizant of its nature, in order to be forearmed against it.

We have to bear in mind two vital principles, first, that the mind never stands still for the least fraction of a moment; second, that the mind of which we are conscious is only a fraction of our personality, and is in need of continual strengthening and refreshment from its own subconscious complement.

It is hard to get out of the habit of identifying our thoughts with the things in the outside world for which they stand. We may sit down for five minutes to think about something, let us say a tree, and imagine that we have held our mind fixed and still during the whole of this period. This, if we only take the trouble to analyze our thoughts, we shall find to be a complete fallacy. It was Blake who said that the fool does not see the same tree that the wise man sees, but the psychologist goes a step further in saying that neither sage nor fool sees the same tree from one moment to another. If you try to concentrate on it, it merely means that you are perpetually driving back your wandering thoughts by fastening upon different aspects of the idea "tree," by linking it with fresh associations, by creating the tree again and again in your mind. Could you perform the feat of arresting your thoughts absolutely for any period of time, you would, during that period, be as good as dead.

The very essence of life lies in its perpetual creation of new thought within, and new combinations of matter without. There was never a more vain ideal, or one more constantly pursued, than that of the fixed state, of absolute rest. We have now ceased to strive after the chimæra of perpetual motion in the world of matter, but we are still as prone as our unscientific forefathers

to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of perpetual calm. Even our most up-to-date writers cling to the idea of Utopia, which is that of perpetual equilibrium, or death, in the realm of society. The idea that by any code of laws, or reshuffling of social arrangements, a community of human beings can be induced to settle down, and be ever happy afterwards, is about as sensible as that of the two wrestlers who, by their mighty efforts to lift each other from the ground, both succeeded, and so floated gradually away.

The whole course of history is an illustration of the fact that society never stands still, that nations which live on their past without creating their national life anew, stand on the brink of catastrophe. The mighty Netherlands of Prince Maurice and De Ruyter sank, at the end of the seventeenth century, without ever having been defeated, to the status of a third class power; the England of Elizabeth had sunk so low in the course of a generation that an English expedition against Cadiz collapsed ignominiously through sheer incompetence and cowardice on the part of her seamen; the danger that we have to face after the great war is lest, on the strength of our achievements, we should come to think our navy invincible, our ultimate success one of the necessities of nature, without the trouble of building up the patriotic spirit year by year, genera-

tion by generation, from its foundations anew.

In the life of the individual it is just the same, and the counsel holds good, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The most deadly, because the most insidious of all dangers, is that of seeing permanence where there is really nothing but change. This is the burden of too many a tragedy of wedded life. The first glow of love seems a thing so unique, so impregnable to time, that man and wife fall into the assumption that this is so; the same kisses are exchanged, the same words of affection repeated, but they are not the same, they have become a ritual and a formula, from being the triumphant expression of life they have become the mask upon the face of death, or like the palace in Poe's poem, that once was the haunt of angelic presences, but from which, now,

> "A hideous throng rush forth forever
> And laugh, but smile no more."

Ibsen's "Master Builder" is a profound study of a man who had only his past achievement on which to live, and who was persuaded, by a young girl, to climb to the top of a tower such as he was wont to scale in his prime, and obeyed and toppled headlong.

What then are these inevitable seasons of dryness and depression, this dark night of the soul,

but the warning that we cannot stand still on our past achievements, however dazzling, that it is time to go back to the beginning and create our life afresh. It is the burden of existence that we can never rest, never stand still. We might picture ourselves as that traveller of Coleridge, who

> "Having once turned round, walks on,
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread."

That fiend of inertia, of death in life, is constantly, with measured and even pace, stalking in our tracks, and it is only by going perpetually on that we can hope to escape him. It is when we have reached the summit of some long dreamed-of success, it is when we are fanned by the breezes of fame and prosperity, that we are most in peril of taking our ease, of sitting by the wayside, whilst those unheard footsteps draw closer and closer. In the most sublime of the world's tragedies, it is at the very moment when Job is sitting in the midst of his children, the greatest and happiest of all the men of the East, that the Adversary is thundering forth that terrific query: "Doth Job serve God for naught?"

Let us translate this into terms of psychology. The conscious self is at every movement dependent on what we may call its subconscious reserves.

It may be likened to our current account at the bank, we can draw upon it, but not to an unlimited extent. If our dividends or receipts fail to come in, there will come a time when our current account approaches exhaustion, when we shall have to cut down our expenditure, and either wait till our dividends come in, or set about raising fresh resources. Seasons of great conscious activity or creativeness are those when we are making heavy drafts on our subconscious selves, and when, therefore, the source from which we draw our inspiration is apt to become impoverished. It is time to think a little less about our conscious achievement, and more about the foundations upon which such achievement is based.

These seasons of depression should, therefore, never be allowed to weigh down the mind or weaken confidence. They should be expected, and most confidently of all after mental achievement or exaltation. They should be accepted as not only inevitable, but necessary to healthy progress.

A sound mental strategy will make use of periods of depression, not only to accumulate fresh material for the subconsciousness, but often to make progress in some kind of work fundamentally different. The best of us have been bunglers in the ordering of our minds. We have been like the most primitive cultivators of the soil,

who sowed their seed again and again on the same land until it became exhausted, and then had perforce to leave it to recuperate; we have not even attained to the mediæval stage of leaving a third of the fields fallow in rotation. We treat ourselves and others as if we were figures in a sum of arithmetic. We all remember the sort of problem we used to be set at school—if a man lays fifty bricks in an hour, how many will he lay in twelve hours? And we were told that the answer was six hundred, which was probably a lie. We assume in our statistics that if we reduce the hours of labour by ten per cent. we shall reduce the product by a similar amount, instead of actually increasing it, as sometimes happens. We are all too prone to the fallacy of treating men and women, individually and in the mass, as if they were machines, and machines of unlimited capacity.

Whereas at every kind of work, even the most physical and mechanical, there are definite limits beyond which we cannot go without the loss of efficiency. This is the experience of every rowing coach. The art of training consists in bringing the crew to their maximum pitch of efficiency on the day of the race; if, by a misplaced zeal, they are allowed to overtrain, they will get stale and go to pieces. Armies are much the same, the wise general is he who knows how to husband

not only the numbers, but the minds of his troops. It is inexpedient, when launching an attack in force, to employ troops who have just been doing duty in the trenches, it is best to use those who have been thoroughly rested behind the line. The increased *morale* gained by the granting of leave in war-time has been found more than to compensate for diminished numbers.

In business it is much the same. The most enlightened employers are beginning to find that it pays them to consider, with the most careful exactitude, not only the physical but the mental and moral aspect of the labour question. By cautious experiment, it has been found that cutting down or breaking up hours of labour may, within certain limits which can only be ascertained by experiment, not only promote harmony, between employer and employed, but actually result in an increase of output. The most efficient labour, as modern experience is teaching us, is that of the highly-paid man working for comparatively short periods with concentrated energy.

In this book our primary concern is with the individual, and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is his duty to study his capacities of mind and body with the same care that the wise employer bestows upon his workmen. Hitherto he has gone blindly on, like the imprudent culti-

vator, till his mind has become like an exhausted soil. It is time, so far as it lies in his power, for him to take stock of his resources and the ideally best way of employing them. This can only be done by an effort of self-observation and analysis which the ordinary man has never dreamed of making. He will find, for reasons that we have already stated, that both his intellect and emotions follow a rhythmical course, that sometimes they are capable of functioning at extreme high pressure, at others they are exhausted and in need of recuperation. The art of successful work is to seize the occasions of maximum energy, and not to force the mind when it is crying out for rest.

We have spoken of the mediæval system of leaving part of the fields fallow, and it would be an improvement in most people's mental economy if they could arrange to give their minds a complete rest at much more frequent intervals than is now customary. The institution of Sunday, even the rigid Puritan Sunday, had more to be urged in its favour, on purely secular grounds, than is generally realized. The complete change of atmosphere for one day out of the seven, the total cessation of ordinary work and amusements the putting on of best clothes, the switching off of the mind from temporal concerns, cannot but have had a useful effect in so far as it gave the

jaded energies of the week time to recuperate. A judicious use of holidays is one of the prime requisites of efficiency.

The old three-field system has, in its turn, been superseded by the modern scientific rotation of crops, which, by judicious variation, keeps the land employed all the time and allows it to recuperate. It ought to be possible, by the constant and scientific variation of interest and employment, to keep the mind in constant and happy activity, if not all the time, for at least much longer than under the present haphazard conditions. Change of employment is not only as good as a holiday, but it is what we usually understand by a holiday. The business man, worn out with ledgers and calculations, runs off for the week-end, not to lie on his back in the sun, but to strive, with strenuous energy, to propel a ball of gutta-percha round his favourite links in only a dozen or so more strokes than the mythical Colonel Bogey. While he is doing this, the part of his subconsciousness that is concerned with business is steadily recuperating energy, and while he is in his office, the other part of his subconsciousness, that is concerned with golf, is devising means of carrying the gravelpit at the ninth.

We hope we shall not incur the reproach of building castles in Spain if we suggest that a

better system of social and personal economy is conceivable, in which, to quote Mr. Bernard Shaw, "work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three." For it is an unnatural and barbarous state of things in which the chief employment of a man's life is not also his chief happiness. The test of his efficiency in any pursuit is the happiness which he derives from it; the soldier who enjoys sport more than "shop" is likely to be a more efficient enemy of the brute creation than of his country's foes. The mere fact that work is a burden and not a pleasure shows that there is something fundamentally wrong and crying to be remedied in our social system.

Let this be our aim, then, as far as possible by analysis, experiment and contrivance, to ensure that our best energies shall be continually expended for the most useful purposes, to abolish altogether the vicious distinction between activities that are useful and those that are enjoyable, to make life one continuous and ever-varied round of creative happiness. We shall never attain to the perfection of which we are capable until unhappiness is regarded as abnormal, sometimes a blind stroke of forces still beyond our control, but most often a crime and a blunder to be driven with ignominy out of the universe.

IX

EXPRESSION

It is natural for thought, which came originally by expression, to seek expression. Expression of some sort it will in fact have, but whether this is to be blind and haphazard, dissipated and uncontrolled, or whether the progress is to be harmonious and fruitful, is a matter for us, in the light of knowledge, to determine.

We intend, in this and the succeeding chapter, to make a distinction which is somewhat arbitrary in theory, but clear enough in practice, between expression, for its own sake, and creative genius —in other words, we intend to regard man first in the light of a pure artist, and afterwards as a creator in the wider sense. In pure art, we are seeking to express ourselves through a medium deliberately selected for the purpose, we have no other object than that of setting forth, visibly or audibly, what we feel to be the highest that is in us. In the wider creation, as we shall use the words. We are working not upon the selected material of art, but upon the raw material of life.

The distinction, we repeat, is somewhat arbitrary in its nature, for there is a sense in which

all creative genius may be regarded as art. A historian of the war has spoken of Marshal Foch as playing a gigantic crescendo along the whole line from Switzerland to the sea, during the four months preceding the armistice. To him, sitting in his saloon carriage, with his maps before him, and the reports of fresh advances continually coming in, the long, accumulating victory must have seemed like the last triumphant movement of a symphony to some supreme composer; we can picture him rejoicing inwardly at this triumph of an artistry that he must have long felt to be latent within him, with three million of men and thousands of guns to embody his conception of the Napoleonic battle. But—and here lies the distinction—unless we greatly misconceive of the Marshal's mind, it was not primarily as an artist that he must have viewed the matter. We can hardly imagine him to have seen with nothing but an artist's regret the collapse of the enemy that prevented the master-stroke he had purposed to deal only three days after the signing of the armistice, the cutting short of his symphony just before the climax. Such an exaggeration of the artistic temperament we should rightly regard as monstrous and inhuman. The end in view was the deliverance of Europe, and not self expression, even of the utmost magnificence.

In the present chapter we shall treat of expression considered for its own sake, in words, and in every form of art. It is natural for the human mind to seek expression, we are all artists, in the sense that we want to see or hear the products of our minds. There is a ballad by John Davidson, in which he tells the story of a composer who dreamed of a symphony while his wife and child starved. One morning the symphony was completed and his wife and child lay dead, and then the composer's heart burst. But when he entered Heaven, God took him to gaze

> "Where systems whirling stand,
> Where galaxies like snow are driven,"

and slowly, among the suns and planets, the music of his symphony arose, filling space:

> "He doubted, but God said, 'Even so,
> Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears:
> The music that you made below,
> Is now the music of the spheres.' "

That, we think, is how every artist must, in his heart of hearts, vision Heaven.

"But," the ordinary man may reply, "all this has nothing to do with me. I am a practical citizen, a man of business, this talk about art is all very well for you, but what I want to get from my mind is something I can turn to account."

We believe that here the practical man is doing himself a wrong. If this account were true, he would be less than human, indeed, less than animal, and resigned to his condition. He would have reduced himself to the level of one of those primitive animalcules that are, to all intents and purposes, self-filling stomachs and nothing else.

As a matter of fact, the most practical Philistine that ever lived has at least rudimentary instincts of self-expression. We have known the case of a ploughboy turned soldier, who, on receipt of a big lump sum in back pay, hired a native carriage, and was driven all round the cantonment and bazaar smoking a cigar in a negligent attitude. The ordinary profiteer does with his millions just the same sort of thing as this private with his handful of rupees. He buys the largest and most showy house on the market, he sports a couple of Rolls Royces, and overdresses his wife. All this is the outward and visible expression of a mind pathetically impoverished and untaught. The poor millionaire is in the position of a thirsty traveller, who has, with infinite labour, dragged himself to the water, and then finds himself too feeble to raise it to his lips. After all, it is a barren task to provide oneself with the means of living, if one has forgotten how to live.

If, then, we have made it plain that the end of every man's desire is to express his personality in the most complete and satisfactory way possible, it is not altogether unpractical to consider the problem of self-expression. The wonderful promises of doubled and quadrupled incomes to follow from the practice of this or that secret system would be, even if fulfilled, a barren acquisition if they only gave scope to a man to make twice or four times more of a beast of himself than before.

"What, then!" will be the reply, "do you expect us all to go off and buy studios, or write sonnets?" Not necessarily. Art is of a wider scope than is usually conceded, and a man is not restricted to one or two stereotyped mediums for self-expression. Dress, or furniture, or a garden may express the owner's individuality; his surroundings may come to take form and colour in his mind, his very walls máy be the mirror in which, when he looks around, he may see his soul reflected.

There have been communities in which even the most ordinary citizens have realized, with a peculiar vividness, the precept of Aristotle, that though men originally come together in order to live, they continue together in order to live well. Athens, in its prime, was the most splendid instance the world has ever seen, and Florence,

among many mediæval and Renaissance cities, was the first in the cult of beauty. It is well known how one of Cimabue's pictures was borne through the city, amid triumph and rejoicing, to its resting place in the Santa Maria della Carmine. The French aristocracy in the great days of Versailles, though their lives, like their art, were marred by formalism and insincerity, form an instance of a community which did at least try to realize an ideal of living in the grand manner.

We shall, therefore, before going on to consider the various forms of self-expression through words or the selected materials of art, pause for a moment to consider that subtlest form of artistry that finds expression through an habitual distinction of living, that to which old William of Wykeham refers in his immortal maxim, "manners makyth man." Manners have been incorrectly described as the fine bloom on the surface, they are all-pervasive, they are the manner of style of life, and William of Wykeham was merely applying to life the precept that since his day has been recognized as holding good in literature, "the style is the man."

Perhaps the most difficult of all problems of human conduct is in what manners consist, what it is that distinguishes the gentleman from the snob or the parvenu; what makes us say of that

horrid Mrs. Blank next door that she is at least a lady, while the excellent Mrs. Dash, on the other side, is unmistakably the reverse. There are people who laboriously study books of etiquette, with the effect of turning merely unpolished into detestable manners, there are others who roughly defy every convention, and yet whose manners are, admittedly, almost beyond reproach.

The first essential of good manners is one at which we have already hinted, namely, the desire for self-expression for its own sake, and not for the sake of any material gain, immediate or remote. The gentleman has his own code, or his class code of manners, and these are as important to him as his daily bread or his balance at the bank. Let us take the case, an increasingly common one, of two adjacent estates, one owned by a crusty and perhaps close-fisted squire of a fast vanishing type, whose ancestors have been on the soil for generations, the other by a "nouveau riche," a well-intentioned fellow, who has just bought up the property. You may (though by no means always) find that while the squire is respected and influential throughout the countryside, the worthy new man is generally "turned down" by Hodge as not a gentleman. The fact is that whatever the squire's idiosyncrasies, he has inherited a code of which he is hardly

conscious; squire will be close, but there are certain things squire will not do, certain advantages that squire will not take; squire may be rough of tongue and incontinent of temper, but there is a certain offensiveness, a certain patronage, of which Hodge knows well that squire will never be guilty. The old estate is something that confers obligations as well as privileges, the new estate is regarded by its owner as essentially a business proposition, so much profit, so much pleasure, so much position, to be got for so much money, and however generous the owner may choose to be, it is something conscious and superficial, something added on to his essential praticality of outlook.

It is related of Wellington that he accounted for his description of Napoleon's mind as low and ungentlemanly by telling how, when Napoleon's brother, Joseph, was King of Spain, Napoleon had had made for him a costly and beautiful watch, but that on hearing that Joseph was unable to maintain himself against the English and Spaniards, he had the watch countermanded. A gentleman, Wellington remarked, would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his *Châteaux en Espagne* to take away his watch also. To Napoleon, the whole affair was probably viewed from an entirely practical standpoint, the watch had been

presented for certain reasons that no longer existed, and therefore it might just as well come back. This was correct reasoning, but it was not that of a gentleman; Napoleon, beneath the scarlet and ermine of Empire, was still the Corsican adventurer.

The second essential of good manners is that they shall not only be conscious, but habitual, that they shall well up naturally out of the subconsciousness. This is the eternal difficulty of the parvenu. He may have the most excellent disposition, he may rack his brains in learning the rules of good society, but there is some undefinable defect, only too obvious to those who have the advantage of generations of good breeding behind them, that mars all his efforts. The dancing masters of the eighteenth century were men whose whole time was passed in the practise and teaching of correct deportment, and yet when old Samuel Johnson wished to launch his deadliest shaft at Lord Chesterfield, he described him as having the manners of a dancing master. Whether or not the stricture was just, we can be in no doubt as to its meaning; what the doctor wished to convey was that his Lordship's manners were the result of conscious effort, and did not proceed from the inmost depths of his personality.

The third essential is one that is not quite so

apparent as the other two. To say that a man follows, with his whole being, a code of conduct which is not that dictated by his immediate material interests is to say that he has manners, but it is not quite to say that he has the best manners. Something further is required, something that is perhaps best described under the name of urbanity as contrasted with provincialism. The code of conduct must be that which is dictated by the richest and ripest experience of the time. This is a truth that has passed into language—urbanity, politeness, civility, courtesy, chivalry, on the one hand, and vulgar, outsider, bounder (a man on the limit) on the other.

Urbanity in manners is, in fact, on a par with the classic style in literature. It denotes a concentration exclusively on what is best, a moral economy that instinctively rejects the eccentric and the exaggerated, because its time and energy are required for better things. One of the surest marks of ill-breeding is the tendency to push everything to an extreme. If there is a fashion for hobble skirts, the profiteer's daughter will wear them so tight she can hardly move, if bare shoulders are the fashion, she will go about half-naked. An exaggerated politeness is as bad as no politeness at all. It is the mark of the provinces to exaggerate yesterday's fashion of

the town, and it is pathetic to think of the time and energy expended amid genteel suburbs in copying, through the medium of the weekly illustrated press, the reputed sins and slang of that rather vague body designated as the Smart Set.

The man or woman of good breeding is, then, essentially an economist; he or she has a standard to live up to, and rejects any conduct that is inconsistent with it. But the mere power to select or reject implies a corresponding measure of restraint. Therefore we do not find people in good society at the mercy of their emotions. Unrestrained demonstrations of grief or joy, of affection or anger, are contrary to their instincts. This is by no means to say that their dispositions are necessarily cold or passionless, a stream only gains in force from being enclosed between banks. The violent emotional demonstrations of melodrama only succeed in inspiring a refined audience with amusement or boredom, not because they are poignant, but because they are sloppy and shallow; the housemaid who weeps over the "my child, my che-ild!" of the heroine, will most likely fail altogether to appreciate the pathos of Macduff's "he has no children!"

There is a further characteristic of urbanity, which is implied in the very name—it is essentially a genial frame of mind, it aims at

putting and keeping everyone at his ease; like charity, it doth not behave itself unseemly, is not puffed up, is slow to think evil. Good manners are, in fact, a matter of social as well as of individual economy. Just as baseness and eccentricity are to be avoided in the individual in order that he may concentrate upon what is best, according to his standard; so, in society, all friction is to be eliminated in order that society, too, may be free to concentrate on what it holds to be best. For this reason the aggressive or egotistical person is ill-mannered, because such people are endeavouring to draw an undue amount of attention from the common interests to their own, besides arousing opposition; the conversationalist who talks to score off his neighbour, the ill-natured wit, and, in short, anyone who by word or deed tends to promote friction rather than harmony, is a clog upon the wheels of society. Lastly, the person who is inordinately bashful or ill at ease is palpably ill-mannered, because such conduct tends to make everybody else uncomfortable.

It must not be thought that good breeding is a fixed and unalterable convention, or that it is necessarily undemocratic. The code is constantly changing, and, in spite of uninformed statements to the contrary, shows an unmistakable tendency to improve. We only

idealize the grand old days of periwigs and powder because we know so little about them. If we could get back to the days of Walpole and Queen Anne, the coarsest of us would be revolted at the manners of the beaux and belles whose acquaintance he had made in picture-books. The layer of polish, though sometimes glittering, was all too thin, and the animal lay close to the surface. Allusions to the most ignoble physical topics were not only tolerated but even laughed at in polite society, as anyone may see who reads Swift's satirical Manual of Polite Conversation. The country squires, the Western of Fielding and the "beefs" of Horace Walpole, were more gross than modern bargees, and the manners even of polite London may be judged by Earl Temple's joke of spitting into Lord Hervey's hat, and of Walpole's recipe for keeping a company of gentlemen in good humour by talking bawdry, for that was a subject in which all were sure to be interested. Even the grand compliment of Lord Chesterfield, when Viceroy of Ireland, to a Jacobite belle,

> "Say, lovely rebel, why you wear
> The orange ribbon in your hair?
> Whereas that breast, uncovered, shows
> The whiteness of the Stuart rose,"

would be accounted, nowadays, not a compliment but a gross insult.

The standard of manners has not only gained in refinement, but in breadth and democratic equality. It is no longer customary to address a servant as "you scoundrel," or to subject an unfortunate governess to the treatment she might have expected in Charlotte Brontë's day; the divinity that used to hedge a peer even half a century ago has faded into the light of common day, and, above all, the relations between the sexes have become more human, healthy and understanding than in the days when a compliment, based upon the lady's assumed sexual allurements, was supposed to be the most acceptable homage that could be paid to her. The gain has been not wholly unqualified; the old "society" in the narrowest sense of the term, a community difficult of entry, to which money was no passport, has been fairly swamped by the tide of triumphant plutocracy, and there is now no body of men and women, least of all the so-called smart set, which is capable or desirous of holding up a standard of refinement and good manners to the rest of the nation.

This is no doubt a loss, but perhaps it is well that the old order should change, and good breeding should become, not the property of the few, but of every citizen. There was never any more deadly insult to the democracy than is made by some of its professed adherents, who assume that

there must naturally be something rude and rough about anything appertaining to the mass of the people.

The subject of manners, or self-expression through one's mode of life, leads naturally on to that of self-expression through the spoken word, which, indeed, it partially includes. Its importance will be realized when we remember that words are the measure of a man's thought, and that a man who is unable, in the phrase of the old Saxon gleeman, to unlock his word hoard, probably fails for the excellent reason that he has no hoard worth speaking of to unlock. We have often heard of the tongue-tied man of genius, and such men have indeed been known to be bashful and uncouth, but the man of genius was never yet born who was capable of revealing it to a trusted and sympathetic companion; on the other hand, we all know the figure of the tongue-tied bookworm, whose incessant reading gives him a reputation of colossal inward riches that somehow never come to the surface, until one day we are following his coffin to the grave smiting our breasts at the thought of all this knowledge that has been lost to the world.

But, indeed, it is only too probable that thought which fails to express itself in words, fails on account of its own lack of inward clarity. The most complete dullard will talk to you by

the hour about what he understands; labourer Giles will tell you all and more than you want to know on the subject of turnips or the sheep-rot, and you may be sure that your master of the dead arts would be as eloquent about his books as Giles about his turnips, if he were only equally sure about them in his own mind; and by putting his thoughts into words he not only tests his clarity, but actually increases it, for he is then compelled to get them into some sort of order.

The first and great requisite of the successful speaker and conversationalist cannot better be expressed than in the words of Goethe:

> "With little art, clear wit and sense
> Suggest their own delivery.
> If thou desir'st to speak in earnest,
> What need that after words thou yearnest?"

Without a well-stocked and well-ordered mind, no man yet has said anything worth remembering.

A speaker, whether his audience be his neighbour at the dinner table, or a hall packed to its full capacity, should be able to have sufficient trust in his inward resources to allow his subconsciousness full play. Only by this means will he ever get into touch with his audience, conscious anxiety and quest for words will be felt

only too surely. The function of the conscious mind is to act as the censor and guide of the subconscious, it does not generate the energy, but guides it into the appropriate channels.

Against one danger this conscious censor should be especially on guard, it should never allow the discourse to become a monologue. After all, there are two sides to every conversation, that of the speaker and that of the audience. The successful speaker is he who continually manages to view the conversation from the standpoint of the listener; by that form of imagination which we know as sympathy, he takes the place of his hearers, puts himself into their minds, and feels with the keenest sensitiveness the effect of every word he utters. The typical bore is the exact reverse of this, he unlocks his word-hoard with entire indifference to the question of demand, and pours it out, not because anybody wants it, but because it has become too heavy a burden for him to carry. Therefore, one golden rule for speaking, even in the closest intimacy, is never for the fraction of a second to forget your audience. This may be a matter of painful and conscious effort at first, but, persevered in, it will gradually become habitual, and the rewards are nothing less than popularity, influence and perhaps, ultimately, the rare gift of swaying vast audiences, of car-

rying them along with you, and making your own ideal that of multitudes.

The voice itself is a matter not unworthy of attention, the art of strengthening it for sustained speaking in large meeting rooms and in the open air does not fall within the scope of this book, but a controlled and modulated voice is, in private conversation as well as in all forms of public speaking, one of the most valuable assets you can have. It creates, like everything bearing the mark of self-control, an impression of strength that naturally inspires confidence. One of the secrets of command is the voice in which an officer addresses his men, neither too low to be distinct, nor yet more loud than is necessary. The rule is, never to raise the voice except for the purpose of being heard by the whole command, and never out of excitement or anger. The old type of bawling and blasting officer is becoming a figure of fun; a rebuke, when this is necessary, is the more effective from being quiet. Men who have had to deal with native races in tropical countries know that the white man who is most respected is he who never raises his voice nor loses his temper. It is surely plain, even to a savage, that he who allows his emotions to take charge of him is lacking in self-control, and that this is a form of weakness.

It is, then, a point of good policy as well as of

good breeding to see that you are, on all occasions, the master and not the slave of your voice. There is nothing that betrays a man so much as a querulous, excited or hesitating voice, and there is nothing more wantonly foolish than to make a present of your doubts and fears to every opponent or stranger, you do not want to play the game with all your cards exposed. This is a matter in which suggestion will be found a powerful auxiliary.

What we have said about the voice applies also to expression in the strictest sense of the word. We are not wont to betray ourselves in uncontrolled gestures, because we have somewhat unfortunately cut ourselves off from the valuable aid to speech that gestures afford. But many a secret is given away by the contraction of the brows, the drooping of the eyes, and other telltale changes of the countenance.

Still more inexcusable is it to resort to pen and ink for the exposure of one's feelings to those who will be only too glad to profit by the advantage. There are people so incredibly foolish as to lay bare their indignation, to be satirical or pathetic in business letters to firms whose managers or clerks are certainly not likely to be moved by any sympathetic emotions towards them. To one's intimate friends a letter may be a means of expressing one's most

intimate feelings, it may be playful, pleading, expostulatory, affectionate by turns, there is not a chord in the whole gamut of the emotions that it may not sound, but to impart this style into business dealings, to tell sharks that you are annoyed at being bitten, and to inform the insolent that their insults have gone home, is a line of conduct that would be incredible if it were not so common. It is hardly necessary to say that a business letter should invariably be as brief as is consistent with clearness and courtesy.

It must not be thought that we wish to hold up for imitation an ideal of coldness and reserve. On the contrary, we believe that a man's faculty for self-expression should be as complete and many-sided as possible, and that this faculty should be deliberately cultivated in the form of art, if only for the reason that the influences of art and personality upon one another are reciprocal, and that a man's inner nature grows by what it puts forth as well as what it receives.

If it be true that the practice of art is no longer to be counted among the accomplishments of a man of breeding and education, then indeed are we fallen below the standards of our own ancestors, and of more than one vanished civilization. It would be a catastrophe indeed were it to be established that the crown of all our progress has been to help its most favoured

children only to fill their bellies and to keep their bodies in good animal fettle by the pursuit of gutta-percha:

"Life somewhat better might content him
But for the heavenly light that Thou hast lent him,
He calls it reason, thence his power's increased
To be far beastlier than any beast,"

might then be the verdict on the man of the twentieth century.

No one is wholly incapable of some sort of artistic self-expression, we have even seen an asylum chapel exquisitely decorated by the wood-carving of one of the patients. In ancient Japan the writing of poetry was a talent possessed by every gentleman, and what we know of the career of Socrates gives ground to the supposition that in the Athens of his time every free citizen had some acquaintance with and interest in philosophy. In the Italy of the renaissance every man and woman of the upper class was either a poet or a musician or a scholar skilled in the human accomplishments that were ousting the old theology from its throne.

Mauvaise honte is the great enemy of artistic expression. By a palpable confusion of thought the idea has of late years established itself that restraint is inconsistent with self-expression that there is something ridiculous or effeminate

in a man's being a poet. How inconsistent is this notion with what we know of history, hardly needs pointing out. We would invite the comparison between the modern hero of links and coverts and such a youth as Sir Philip Sidney, scholar, poet, statesman, orator, horseman, and soldier, or with Lucius Carey, second Viscount Falkland, of whom Clarendon writes:

"His house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university; who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy bounded in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in less volume; whither they came not so much for repose as study; and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and conceit made current in vulgar conversation."

The breed of Falkland and Sidney is not extinct. The war has added to history the names of Julian Grenfell and Rupert Brooke, to show that heroism is not, even in modern times, inconsistent with accomplishment, and that the strong

man is not necessarily he who extinguishes the light of poesy preparatory to hiding it under a bushel.

However insignificant you may imagine your soul to be, in the name of your manhood or womanhood, give it expression! Even if it be in the beautifying of a villa garden or in the choice of a ribbon because it fits in with a scheme of your own and not one dictated to you by fashion, see that you form something, anything, in the image of your ideal. Above all, do not be afraid of ridicule. If you must sacrifice your soul, let it be for some less contemptible motive! In the heart of Everyman there is an artist hidden: if we allow him to perish in the dark, what is left will be little better than a breathing automaton from which the vital spark has been taken away.

X

CREATIVE GENIUS

A COMPLETE life is necessarily beautiful, and a man, without some power of artistic self-expression, is less than human. But life that stops short at art, as an end, is likewise incomplete, and the art itself is likely to perish of inanition. The complete man will mould to his desire not only the selected material of art, but the raw material of mankind and nature.

It is characteristic of the great exponents of art, that they have seldom been content with art for its own sake. The message they have had to deliver may have been inexpressible through any other medium, but none the less art has been, in their vision, more of a means to an end than an end in itself. Byron used to be openly scornful at the idea of being merely a writer and nothing else; Milton wrote his Paradise Lost avowedly, if not altogether successfully, to justify the ways of God to man; Dante's vision was that of an inspired patriot, imperialist and Christian; Michelangelo's terrific sculptures in the Medici Chapel of Florence are a lamentation in stone over the degeneracy of his native city,

comparable with Chopin's passionate protest on the keyboard against the fall of the last Polish city; the ninth or choral symphony of Beethoven is the triumphal expression of that Republican cult of humanity which made him, even under the shadow of the Hapsburgs, the most consistent of Jacobins.

These are a few especially obvious instances, and we do not mean to imply that the mere need for self-expression does not and ought not to fill an important place in the mind of every artist, but very few artists have been content to stop there; they have required the world for their canvas, and its millions for their orchestra, their ambition for creation has reached beyond the mere subtile arrangement of words and notes and colours. Every artist has, in fact, aspired at one time or another to be an artist in life, in the sense of Metternich's boast, "I do not write history, I make it."

If we wish to study the career of the perfect artist in life we can hardly do better—and we say it with all reverence—than to peruse the account of Christ as recorded in the Gospels, a character which unprejudiced students of all ages have agreed in recognizing as unique in the sense of the divine perfection it conveys. Here we have the spectacle of One whose life was such a perfect poem, flowing so naturally from the

subconscious depths of His being, as altogether to transcend the need for conscious self-expression. He never appears to have had any other idea than that of bending all His powers to what He conceived to be the accomplishment of His mission. He taught no system, He formulated no code, He left behind Him no book, like Mahomet, nor rule, like Saint Francis; if His remarks about the sparrows and the lilies have surpassed most poems for lyric sweetness it was by no contrivance of his; if neither Burke nor Demosthenes approached the magnificence of his invective against the Pharisees, it was not because He was an orator, but because His great heart had boiled over spontaneously with excess of divine indignation.

"All things were made by Him," such an instinct of creation seems to have possessed Him in His life on earth; He would be nothing less than the Light of the World, the Life of it, a Force powerful enough to draw all men unto Him. And here, too, He stands as the sublime example for enlightened imitation. For man's natural and human tendency is towards creation, every perception should find its way thither through the intermediate stages of imagination, classification, emotion and will. The creative faculty, in its highest form, is called genius.

Even psychologists have tended to see some-

thing bordering on the supernatural in genius. The most ambitious propounders of mind-systems usually stop short with the multiplication of income, and coyly stipulate that, of course, they do not profess to make people into geniuses. Perhaps they best know what will be acceptable, but, if their modesty is to be taken seriously, they are confessing that their principles completely break down at the most vital point. Genius is as normal as every other faculty of the mind, and merely consists in the doing very well of what, to a certain extent, can be done by every healthy person.

For what do we mean when we speak of an action or a work of art as possessing genius? What is the quality that distinguishes the products of genius from those of talent? What, for instance, is there that distinguishes Foch's master-strokes at the two battles of the Marne from the patient, slogging work, sound perhaps but by no means inspiring strategically, of the Somme and Passchendaele? It is the fact that it is possible to reconstruct, step by step, the deliberate reasoning that drove our battalions, week after week, into the shambles in order to wear down the spirit of the Boche, but the master flash of intuition that detected the exact point where the enemy line was weakest, and the exact moment, after long waiting, to cast

prudence to the winds and strike with every available man, is a phenomenon that we cannot explain to ourselves quite so simply. Marshall Foch must, we feel, have divined it, in the same way that Carpentier knows when to shoot in a knock-out blow to an opponent's jaw.

Let us now pursue the same contrast in poetry. Take a typical and by no means unpleasing couplet of Pope on the subject of the dying Christian:

> "Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
> Let me languish into life!"

Pretty, we say, and unexceptionable; here is the good soul's experience, according to the most reliable authority, set forth with brevity, force and lucidity. It is what we should have expected of such a deft craftsman as Pope, excellent, straightforward work with no nonsense or mystery about it. But now take a couplet of Newman on the same subject:

> "And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> That I have loved long since, yet lost awhile!"

Here we are in an atmosphere as far removed from that of Pope's couplet as the Court of Queen Anne from fairyland. Newman's strikes us as something wholly unexpected, something whose exact sense we might be at a loss to para-

phrase,[1] and yet we feel at once that it is wholly and unquestionably true, not, like Pope's the merely right thing to say, but illuminating the very depths with its light. We cannot reconstruct the process of thought by which Newman arrived at its composition, and we class it as the product of genius with as little hesitation as we put Pope's among the products of talent.

Two characteristics, therefore, seem to distinguish the workings of genius; they are, to all appearance, spontaneous, and yet, once accomplished, they seem inevitable. When we say that they are spontaneous, we mean that they are, in the main, the products of subconscious activity. As we have already found to be the secret of successful speaking, the functions of consciousness are restricted to those of censorship and guidance, and perhaps, we may add, of elaboration in detail. We may then lay down, as the most satisfactory definition of genius, that it is the subconscious activity functioning rightly.

Now we are in a position to understand why a cloud of mystery has always been supposed to envelop the subject of genius. Up to a very few years ago, we were almost entirely ignorant of the subconscious self and its activities, even now we are barely over the threshold of the

[1] I cannot believe that a mere reference to dead friends is the whole, or even the most important part of Newman's meaning.

subject. The late Mr. Myers made the phenomenon of genius one of the strongest pillars of his case for personal immortality. He defined it as a subliminal uprush, or "a capacity of using powers which lie too deep for an ordinary man's control," and he believed that it could only be explained on the assumption of "a soul which exercises an imperfect and fluctuating control over the organism."

It is by no means our intention to say how far the weighty and eloquent reasons advanced by Mr. Myers in support of his thesis will stand in the light of modern discoveries, but we feel sure that if he had been spared for another fifteen years, this solution of the problem would have appeared to him less obvious than it did at the time of his death; he would have recognized that there were explanations of a less mystical nature that would have had to be examined and found wanting before the *deus ex machina* could be invoked in the form of a soul. He would, we think, have been driven to concede that genius in itself was no more mysterious in its operation than any other function of the mind, but he would probably have based his argument upon exceptional instances, such as those of calculating boys and automatic painting, which, he might have maintained, at least with plausibility, were

covered by no theory of the subconscious hitherto propounded.

With these exceptions we are not concerned, it is enough for our purposes that the knowledge we have acquired in the last few years has brought it to pass that genius, as we are accustomed to speak of it, need no longer be relegated to the category of the inexplicable and miraculous, except in the profound sense of Walt Whitman's words, "To me every hour of dark and light is a miracle." To recapitulate briefly our theory, the mind is two-fold, conscious and subconscious; every impression we receive sets up a mental process that either passes straight into action without ever quitting the consciousness, or else descends and is detained in the subconsciousness, where it is combined with the results of other impressions, and where it grows and fructifies until one day it bursts forth spontaneously and often unrecognizably into action.

It is this coming to the surface of our subconscious ideas that constitutes the true subliminal uprush that we designate as genius. We receive from those depths nothing but what we have put there, as the gardener, who sowed the seed, culls the flower. The secret of genius is, then, to have a well stored and easily accessible subconscious mind.

This at once explains the strange barrenness of the highest genius evinced by such brilliant but mercurial folks as the Celtic peoples. As we have remarked in a previous chapter, the transition from impression to action is so abnormally quick that what has come in at the senses has gone out at the muscles before the subconsciousness has had time to detain and store more than a gleaning of it. Where the subconsciousness is starved, genius is starved, too.

In the light that our explanation sheds upon the fact of genius, we shall be able to understand how much truth there is in the cant phrase about genius being heaven-born. This can only mean that some people are capable of receiving and storing more in their subconsciousness than others, a statement whose truth we shall examine in the course of this chapter. But to say that a man has a larger travelling bag than another is by no means to imply that he has more valuable luggage; in order to take anything out of the mind, we must have first put it in.

Thus we shall find that men of outstanding genius have been men of wide and liberal culture, or at least of intense application in their own special branch of activity. It is this fact that gives its measure of truth to Napoleon's essentially unsound definition that genius is an infi-

nite capacity for taking pains. Genius is, in fact, a capacity for doing spontaneously that which would exact infinite pains from the ordinary man, but there is no doubt that the spontaneity is the result of infinite pains in stocking the subconscious mind. This latter may be compared to a bow, of which you draw back the string slowly, in order to collect an energy which you unloose all at once with the releasing of the string.

Napoleon's own solitary and studious youth was the true preparation for Austerlitz and the Tuileries. He devoured eagerly all that he could learn, not only of military science and mathematics, but also of social philosophy. Before becoming a leader of armies he was already an author and had even aspired to become a historian. "Peruse again and again," he writes, "the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene and Frederick. Model yourself upon them. This is the only means of becoming a great captain, and of acquiring the secret of the art of war. Your own genius will be enlightened and improved by this study, and you will learn to reject all maxims foreign to the principles of these great commanders."[1] It was by years of study that the Professor of Military History,

[1] Translated by Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. C. D'Aguilar.

Foch, came to be a leader of the French armies not unworthy of his great exemplar; Ludendorff and Hindenburg had studied long and deeply before they came to Tannenburg.

The notion of the heaven-sprung genius is seen to be equally chimerical in literature and the arts. Milton was probably, taken all round, the most learned Englishmen of his time; Dante was unrivalled in his mastery of all that his age held for scholarship; Goethe occupied a position not dissimilar at the end of the eighteenth century; Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, those giants of the Renaissance, were veritable encyclopædias of knowledge. As for Shakespeare, who may be cited as an apparent exception, the matter is too complex to be treated here except to say that we know hardly anything certainly about him except from the works themselves, and from these we should be inclined to hazard the opinion that Shakespeare had studied, though after a less formal and precise fashion than Ben Jonson, with true Renaissance omnivorousness of curiosity.

It would, of course, be absurd to run to the extreme of accepting the doctrine of the eighteenth century savant Helvetius, who held that all men start with an equality of mental equipment, and that only their environment and education make them into dullards or geniuses.

The human mind is far from being arranged on these simple lines, and differences of inherited brain capacity, if we are not yet able to trace all their causes, are none the less a fact too patent for serious dispute. We are all of us like those servants in the parable, to whom were given varying numbers of talents to lay out to the best advantage. But once having received the talents, it is for us to make what we can of them, and the bounds to our improvement have not been set. It may confidently be affirmed that there is nobody whatever who is incapable of developing genius in the right direction, for genius is as natural to man as is the flower to the seed.

It need not necessarily result in another Hamlet or Battle of the Marne. It is susceptible of an infinite variety of forms, and there are few walks of life in which it may not find scope. In business it is just what makes the difference between success and failure. There is the steady, accurate, reliable type who will no doubt keep his place and be trusted in subordinate posts, but the man who is going to be selected for rapid promotion or taken into a partnership is he who has about him something magnetic, something that you could not predict, and yet the faculty, with it all, of being right. The old improving fable about the worthy

plodder who outdistanced the genius has only this measure of truth in it, that the genius had to do a good deal of plodding in order to become what he was. But, for enduring success of any kind, genius, and nothing short of genius, is necessary.

Keep that image of the bow firmly in the mind, remember that the drawing is a slow and deliberate effort, and the return of the string so rapid that the eye cannot follow it. So with the workings of genius, they appear miraculous in their strength and swiftness, but we know nothing about the long, deliberate accumulation of ideas in the subconsciousness that made those results possible. There have been men who have thought that they could shoot the arrow without drawing back the bow, they are the failures, often the splendid failures of history, its tinsel heroes. There are some who seem as if they were born to take the world by storm, brilliant, versatile, superbly confident in themselves; their very assurance of success communicates itself to their contemporaries, they rise to some position of power and responsibility, and then, tragically, inevitably, they collapse. They have, as the saying is, nothing in them.

Such a man was the Duke of Buckingham, who captured the hearts of the two first Stuart Kings, who defied Parliaments, swayed the

destinies of the throne and Kingdom, planned and commanded expeditions, made love to queens, and rode with his Prince to Madrid to snatch for him the hand of an Infanta, and failed in all he undertook, involving those who trusted him in his own ruin. Such a man was the third Napoleon, a sentimental intriguer, who thought to wield the sceptre of his mighty namesake, blundered through a couple of fairly successful wars, and whose helpless shifts and turns of policy were, like a certain type of modern art, taken for genius by their very unintelligibility, until at last the collapse came with the closing of the blue ring round Sedan.

There is no error more unfailingly disastrous than for men to put their trust in one of these sham heroes, who have a superficial brilliancy without the mental resources necessary for genius. Such men have nearly always succeeded in drawing down on themselves and those who believed in them a catastrophe great in proportion to their own insignificance. It was one of those promising young statesmen, for whom everybody prophesied a brilliant career, who conceived of the idea of putting taxes on the American colonies; it was another brilliant young man who lured the Athenian democracy to its overthrow at Syracuse. The German nation will long have reason to regret that it pin-

ned its faith to that abject figure with the withered arm and the turned-up moustachios, whom half Europe acclaimed as a hero and the other half execrated as a devil, but who was only a bewildered mediocrity trying to sustain a part too big for him. In the world of finance, some such man as this has generally been at the bottom of great disasters. It may be that when he has embarked upon grandiose schemes, trusting in his genius and his star to pull him through, and found them inexplicably tottering above his head, he has glided into the paths of dishonesty, in the pathetic faith that by a little financial sleight of hand he can still make everything come right.

The path of genius is the path of honesty in the deepest sense. Here, as everywhere else, there is no short cut to perfection, genius is the natural outcome of a well-trained and well-stored mind—being the culminating faculty, it demands an all-round excellence of the rest. An insensitive disposition, a feeble imagination, a mind ill-arranged, feelings that dissipate themselves in vacancy, lack of concentration, weakness of will—any one of these may be fatal to genius. But if these are severally and successfully taken in hand, as they may be, some measure at least of genius will crown the whole. Genius, it may be, of poet or journalist, of

salesman or stockbroker, of soldier or artisan, of lover or sportsman, for genius has as many forms as it has possessors. When the facts of the mind are better realized, when we have come to the stage of making not only our machines but our men and women efficient, genius will be the normal and deliberate goal of education, and what now seems chimerical will be no more wondered at than the power to read and write.

We shall conclude by offering a few practical suggestions as to ways in which the creative faculty may be stimulated, or rather by recapitulating and emphasizing one or two especially relevant points on which we have touched in previous chapters.

(1) Sleep is of vital importance for the recruiting of energy, and the due functioning of the subconscious mind. It should, therefore, have a first call upon our time, and never on any account be habitually cut down, in order to find more time for conscious activity.

(2) A careful study should be made, on the lines already indicated, of subconscious rhythm. That is to say, that advantage should be taken of the times when the subconsciousness is rich with accumulated thoughts. When it has been temporarily impoverished by incessant drafts upon its resources, it should, if possible, be given time to rest and recuperate. The novelist, for in-

stance, who tries to turn out a novel every season, is pretty certain, sooner or later, to take the fine bloom off his style, and degenerate into hack work. For those who wish to treble or quadruple their incomes, we hasten to add that there is no necessary loss of fame or royalties involved in the process.

(3) For these periods of recuperation it is advantageous to have a second string to one's bow, an alternative subject on to which one can switch off, and so be working with one part of the mind while resting with the other.

(4) Widen the circle of your interests, so as to be continually finding food for the subconsciousness to work upon, in the faith that nothing is lost.

(5) Take long views, and clearly visualize the goal you wish to attain. You will then save yourself from frittering away your energies in uncertain or unprofitable activities. Do not, if you dream of becoming great, devote the best part of your mind to mastering the intricacies of Bridge. Let "Respice finem" be your motto—Look to the end!

(6) Cultivate the eye for essentials. Great men are never troubled overmuch about trivialities. The commander who is constantly interfering with his subordinates, the head of a department who tries to do the work of his clerks,

are running their own efficiency and that of everybody beneath them: "Look after the pounds and the pennies will take care of themselves" is the motto of everyone who is going to achieve big results. The colonel who stops, by choice or necessity, all morning in the orderly room signing formal documents, or fussing about the folding of greatcoats and wearing of gloves, is serving his apprenticeship in the most tragic of all schools of inefficiency. A certain contempt for meticulousness in detail is by no means the mark of failure that the improving books make out.

(7) Cultivate a reasoned faith. Satisfy yourself that what you have called genius is no unfathomable miracle in the midst of an otherwise ordered world, and having classed it in its place amongst the other faculties of the mind, get rid of that modern version of Calvinistic predestination which would divide mankind into the elect few upon whom the Spirit has descended, and the many damned to whom it is forever denied. Have faith in yourself and the sanity of things—nothing will then be impossible.

XI

HARMONY

We have now traced the normal progress of mental activity from impression to action, and seen how at any stage this development may be held up, or rather diverted and dissipated, with consequences more or less disastrous. Harmonious and complete development is, in fact, the secret of genius. We shall now go a step further, and consider it as the secret of life itself.

Hitherto we have concentrated our inquiry on the problem of mental efficiency: We have now to consider to what ends efficiency, once acquired, ought to be directed. There is a tendency, born more of loose thinking than loose morals, to consider efficiency as the goal of existence. Once we have made a good hatchet it does not, according to this school of thought, greatly matter whether we put it into the hands of a woodman or a homicidal maniac. Once we have given a man power to treble or quadruple his income, we are content to waive the question whether he does this by making two blades of corn grow where one grew before, or by engineering a corner in wheat. "We deliver the goods," we can imagine the

efficiency-mongers informing a credulous public, "it is for you, then, to do what you like with your own."

We suspect that any discussion of ends in a treatise on mind-training may arouse a feeling of impatience in the breasts of certain readers. "All this," they may say, "is off the point. Questions of right and wrong are the affair of the priest and not of the psychologist. We want to increase our power, our righteousness can take care of itself."

Unfortunately, it is not so easy as it seems to divide mind-training into two closed compartments of efficiency and conduct, to concentrate on the one and to ignore the other. However simple it may be to distinguish between the two in the realm of pure thought, in practice they are inextricably commingled. This is seen best when we regard men in the mass. Without character, as well as intellect, the whole cohesive force of society is lost, a community of complete knaves would only destroy itself the quicker in proportion to the cleverness of its members. The same thing is true of the little world of individual man, it is character that holds it together, that confers the power of sacrificing present ease to future advantage, that gives courage and endurance and the largeness of soul which prevents energy being frittered away on trivial or vulgar ends.

A truth that both life and literature abundantly confirm, but which has attracted little enough attention, even among professed moralists, is that of the ineffectiveness of complete villains, or of such approximations to complete villainy as exist outside melodrama. What strikes one about such a superbly conceived rogue as Iago is not the greatness but the vulgarity, the pettiness of the man. It is not so much that his ends are devilish as that they are stupid and trivial. A point that is usually ignored by both actor and critic, and one which Shakespeare is at peculiar pains to emphasize is, that Iago's grievance against the honest Cassio is precisely that Cassio, like Napoleon, has studied his "book of arithmetic," and therefore got promotion, over Iago's head, on the ground of his being a more efficient soldier. Iago hates Cassio with all the jealousy of the rough, "practical" soldier for the student of his profession, and of the vulgar nature for one whose "daily beauty" of life makes his own ugly.

Such a man has only one resource. He is incapable of matching his military ability with that of Cassio, he is equally incapable of remaining content with his not unenviable position as the General's ancient. His mind is full of low suspicions against Othello. He is wholly possessed of an impulse to do some injury to these men,

with whom he cannot compete, and, like Napoleon III, to rise, by intrigue, to a position that he would be incapable of filling. His only weapon is a low and short-sighted cunning, capable of injuring people to gratify a diseased emotional craving, but involving his own fall, almost inevitably, with theirs. Such a mentally deformed creature can hardly, by any stretch of imagination, be classed as efficient.

An old Elizabethan play had an excellent title, "The Devil is an ass," and indeed the difficulty with the Devil has always been the insoluble one of imagining a being who at the same time is superhumanly intelligent and perfectly wicked. It has been the rock upon which the greatest geniuses have suffered shipwreck, or, rather, which they have had perforce to avoid by endowing their Devil with a character sufficiently attractive to make him plausible.

Milton's Satan is a nobler figure than Milton's God, the noble and indomitable resolution with which he refuses to be content with an everlasting sycophancy in Heaven, and with which he conducts a forlorn hope against his omnipotent adversary, choosing to take upon himself alone the direst perils, are not devilish but heroic and endearing qualities. Goethe's Mephistopheles, that humorous and good-tempered critic, the unflinching foe of humbug, even in Heaven, strikes

us as a more attractive figure than that too typical product of Teutonic mentality, Faust, the philosopher, who sentimentalizes over Easter bells as a convenient excuse for not swallowing the poison, over whose advantages he has just waxed sublimely rhetorical, and who can find no better use for his restored youth than to carry on a heartless intrigue with an innocent and ignorant lower-middle-class flapper.

It does not much credit to either our intellect or our morals that the majority of folk can find delight in a type of drama in which the good man is invaribly represented as an abject fool, and the villain as a person of profound intellectual resources. It is this totally false association of a good brain with a bad heart that has blinded people to the fact that human nature is essentially one and indivisible, and that a healthy intellect is altogether inconsistent with a diseased character.

We shall therefore beg leave to lay aside all question of theological sanctions, and regard the matter solely as one of healthy and harmonius development. The criminal or the indurated egotist we shall regard as persons mentally diseased, persons who have failed to develop normally. Some such standpoint is, in fact, implied in our use of the term "monster" to

denote one, like Nero or Caligula, of conspicuous moral depravity.

Analytical psychology has performed a valuable service in showing that man has an emotional growth, an expansion of love, as normal and natural as his physical growth, but this is liable to be arrested at any stage by untoward circumstances, and to become what is known as a "fixation," blocking the way to the subsequent, normal stages. Most of the trouble from which their neurotic patients were suffering was traced, by the analytical masters, to fixations of this kind, loves and fears formed in infancy which had become fixed, subconscious habits, warping the whole character.

The infant, in his earliest stages, is incapable of distinguishing between the external world and his own personality. Everything exists just as in-so-far as it ministers or fails to minister to his needs: The consciousness of other beings, with their own needs and existences, as independent as his own, needs quite an advanced mental effort to arrive at, and at best comes gradually. The very small child will stroke the kitten delightedly because he likes the feel of it. He will be equally ready, unless stopped, to knock the kitten over the head with a wooden brick, because it amuses him. The mere concep-

tion of his own existence apart from the rest of the world is an effort, the conception of somebody else's existence is a yet more advanced feat. The very young child is the most complete of egotists.

The next stage consists in the dawning of a love for the person with whom the child is brought most into contact, and to whom it is chiefly accustomed to look for support. This will ordinarily be the mother or the nurse, affection for the father coming a little later. One of the chief discoveries of the analytical psychologists has been the amount of the sex element that enters into such relationships, often giving the child a bias towards its parent of the opposite sex, and perhaps inspiring a jealousy towards the other parent, which in very neurotic types, perhaps, develops into what Jung calls an Œdipus complex. But, think, there has been a certain amount of confused thinking on this subject of sex. We should prefer to say that the phenomena of sex are merely one manifestation of a principle of attraction which fills the same place in life as gravitation in mechanics, and whose cause is, as yet, equally little understood. For this we can find no better name than the old-fashioned one of love, that manifests itself in crude and physical forms in the young child.

A third stage is that of school or schoolroom

attachments to friends, usually of similar age and the same sex, though there are exceptions to both rules, and next comes the full development of the sex instinct, culminating in the passionate love for a mate. This, in its turn, may widen into love for a family, and thence, by degrees, for all mankind, until we have the development from the egotistical infant to the mature and completed man who loves his neighbour as himself. The mystics would have it that the final stage is one of active unity with God, and through Him with all His creatures.

This idea of an ordered and harmonious development of the affections is by no means the invention of the present age. The Laws of Manu, the ancient Hindu code, divide the life of the Brahman, or twice-born man, into four clearly defined stages. In the first he is a student placed, as soon as he is old enough, under the tuition of a guru, or teacher; in the second he is a householder, discharging his duties to the ancestral shades by raising up an heir to carry on the family sacrifices, he is also a man of the world, sometimes the adviser of Kings; in the third stage, when he is beginning to feel old, and has seen his first grandson, he goes off to the forest and commences, by ever more rigorous austerities, to purify his affections of earthly objects; in the last stage of all, he comes forth, free from

love and hatred, desire and fear, a wandering saint, intent upon God alone. This gradual transference of the affections to the infinite was also realized in the mediæval practice, followed sometimes by the greatest, of retiring to a monastery in old age.

What we have seen in the life of man, as an individual, holds equally good in that of mankind as a whole. The history of our race has had, for its leading motive, the same gradual enlargement of the affections. It is probable, though the question is one of the most controversial, that the first human communities were little families, wandering about under the leadership of the old man, the father, who was most likely knocked on the head when he got too old to be formidable. The actual family came, by a process that can be best studied in the works of Sir James Frazer, to be enlarged into the more or less fictitious family, held together by the cult of some totem. To a "buffalo," every other "buffalo" would be a brother.

As far as we can boil down a matter of extraordinary complexity into one or two paragraphs, we may say that the general tendency of history has been towards the enlargement of the affections. Huge empires, like those of Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, can hardly be said to have had any cohesion except that of force,

though at the core of them, among the Assyrians and Babylonians, there was, no doubt, a kind of patriotism, a pride of race and conquest. The Greek city state is the first great step forward; that, and the intensive patriotism of the Hebrews, who could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. In Athens, thanks largely to Aristotle, we can trace in exceptional detail the transition from the family to the city. In Rome we see a tremendous effort to expand a civic into a world patriotism, by successive extensions of the citizenship, under the auspices of such strangely different men as Cæsar and Caracalla. This effort, in a community founded upon slavery and incapable of being held together by anything short of bureaucratic despotism, could not be more than a partial success.

The idea of a world empire, though persistent through and after the Middle Ages, was one for which the affections of mankind were not yet ripe. Feudalism, over which a greater amount of learned nonsense has been poured than over most subjects, was the expression of the fact that in an age of imperfect sympathies and communications, men found it easier to be loyal to a lord, whom they did see, than a king or an emperor of whom most of them only knew by hearsay. The invention of printing, and the gradual accumulation of military and financial

power in the hands of the central governments, brought about the national, which is the next stage beyond the civic patriotism.

But we now have a stage further to traverse. Edith Cavell's dying vision that patriotism, by itself, is not enough has yet to illuminate the world after the stupendous suicide of the national system that we have lately witnessed. Unless we can expand our affections, and that quickly, to include the whole of mankind, we are faced with the prospect of another war, in the lifetime of some of us, that will bring the whole fabric of civilization crashing down upon us and ours, a catastrophe which we have only escaped, by the narrowest margin, even now. The enormous improvement of communications that came about in the first half of the last century, has brought the idea of a united humanity well within the range of possibility.

"But," comes the facile objection, "how inculcate a patriotism of humanity without an enemy, and without a cause for which to die?" What, is not the blind, perpetual resistance and tyranny of nature, are not all the accumulated forces of human inertia and stupidity, of hatred and sentimentalism, a sufficient enemy? Is the soldier, armed to destroy with tank and machine-gun, a more inspiring figure than the doctor, armed with lancet and anæsthetic to heal? Have

we failed to perceive how, while we were battling, like the fabled frogs and mice, all over our cities and corn-lands, the great common enemy of us all was advancing with soundless and sure steps? Have we even now closed our eyes and hardened our hearts to the lesson of soaring prices, of half Europe starving, of the influenza plague sweeping in obscene triumph round the world, of Bolshevism, like the clouds of another deluge, mustering in the East? Then, indeed, the verdict of any race that may arise upon our ruins may well be: "They gained the whole world but lost their own souls."

We have suggested this brief outline, both of individual and human history, in order to make our point clear that the secret of life consists in harmonious and complete development, and most of all, development of the affections. Love is the most abused and hackneyed word in the language, it has gathered around it every kind of ignoble and mawkish association, but the old proverb that it is love makes the world go round is at least true in the world of men. Whether human love and gravitation itself are, in essence, the same force of attraction, we shall not here affirm or deny, it is enough to say that love is to mankind what gravitation is to matter. Without it the whole of society would fall to pieces, every man's hand would be against his neighbour,

chaos and mutual destruction would be the outcome. With a love restricted to frontiers and class barriers, with nations and classes as closely bound together as they are at present, the result will be all, and more than the horror that has fallen upon Russia, tossed from one tyranny into the jaws of another.

Perhaps the most alarming relic of the war is the spirit of rancorous hatred with which social and international questions are too often discussed. A spirit of fleering contempt, a readiness to see nothing but the worst side of an opponent, the denial of all justice and sympathy, is becoming almost the fashion in newspaper and private discussion of public affairs. One of the most detestable forms of confused thinking is the modern habit of evading the realities of any question by coining some opprobrious phrase or nickname, lumping together one section of the people as "fat" or "bourgeois" or "capitalists," to which the genial retort is "Bolshevik" and "paid agitator," or something equally silly. While this fools' work is going on, the community, to which all belong, is dying. When will people be brought to see that this is not a pulpit question so much as one of health and disease, that a nation saturated with rancour and all uncharitableness is, in sober fact, as dangerously afflicted as a man who has been bitten by a

plague flea? Is it not obvious that anyone, of any section or party, who makes it his business to promote hatred at the expense of sympathy, is a diseased member of society?

Harmonious and complete development, we cannot repeat it too often, is the secret of life; all confusion of thought, as well as all that theologians have designated as sin, are alike the result of arrested development. In the realm of thought we have already seen that genius springs naturally from the smooth and harmonious transition from impression into action. In conduct it is the same, the bad man is the incomplete one, he whose affections have failed to develop but become fixed and indurated at some primitive stage, perhaps of sheer egotism, the complete and finished egotist being nothing more nor less than a grown-up baby. The modern Samuel Butler depicted a community in which the diseased people are tried as criminals, while the wicked ones are treated by doctors. The idea that this strange and lonely man of genius was trying to foreshadow was that the only sane and rational view to take of a bad man is that he is also a diseased man, one deformed. The only reason for not relegating him to a doctor is the practical one that a class of men trained and capable of acting as moral doctors has yet to be developed.

Let us glance through the various stages in which love can be arrested, and first let us note that the quality of love itself is susceptible of development. One of the truths that we have gleaned from psychoanalysis is the physical, or as Freud would, somewhat unfortunately, we think, prefer to call it, the sexual element that predominates so largely in the love of children. Many people never get beyond this idea of love, it enters in their very religion, and finds vent in ideas of clinging to and kissing a Divine Being which are our modern substitute for the Phallic cults of the East. And no doubt the sex element must enter largely and rightly into any healthy scheme of life. Strong passions invariably accompany rich natures, nor is there anything more potent than sex to stimulate the imagination and develop the feelings. By far the greater quantity of lyric poetry, fit to endure, is produced during the years when the love of a man for a maid is naturally most intense. The puritan or ascetic feeling that would repress every form of this passion as something unclean is an unnatural attempt to prevent human nature from developing on its healthiest and sanest lines, it is the deliberate creation of mental deformity, and as such is unspeakably nauseous and wicked.

But it is natural also for the sex passion to be gradually refined and spiritualized. The last

word in love is far beyond the mere cry of physical yearning. It is what Shelley meant by

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

Love, that sprang from the soil of mere physical craving, is destined to blossom into an all-embracing tenderness which includes even enemies, even the beasts and flowers of the field. To arrest it anywhere short of this is to warp the whole character.

The very young infant is only conscious of his own sensations, they are the only things that affect him. As he grows in stature he will, if the growth be one in wisdom too, become increasingly conscious of the feelings of others, until gradually their joys and fears become to him as his own. The passionate affection he may experience for some very dear person, a parent, a wife, a child, even a brother or a friend, is his first lesson in becoming actually conscious of another's impressions as of his own, of developing the sympathetic faculty to such a point that he is able to enter that person's soul, and form such clear and definite images of his experiences that they take rank in his mind along with his own. And this love for one is only to be regarded as an apprenticeship or a bridge to

a similar love for all. Not merely to love your neighbour but to be your neighbour is the quintessence of human affection. A training that is practised much by Eastern initiates is deliberately to identify oneself in spirit with some object of nature, an animal, or even a plant. When one of the classical Japanese artists, Kano Motonobu, wanted to paint a crane, he would even stand for long periods of time on one leg imagining himself a crane, in order to impart the authentic spirit of the crane tribe to his picture. Early in this book we suggested exercise for putting oneself into the place of others. The full value and significance of such practices are now apparent. The perfect man is he whose life and affections have become so strong and complete as to know no limits, who has so identified himself with the universe that no personal misfortune, and not even death, can possess the least terror for him.

The art of life is, then, to allow the affections to expand perfectly normally and continuously, and to guard against their becoming arrested and fixed at any stage whatever short of perfection. After escaping from complete infantile egotism the danger is lest love become so concentrated upon one person as to become a subconscious "complex" dominating the whole

being. Sometimes the love for a parent may establish a permanent monopoly of the affections that acts as a bar to all healthy development. There is a type of man who evinces not the least normal sentiment towards women of his own age because he is completely satisfied with his mother's love; there is a type of woman who never succeeds in transferring to her husband the first place in her affections which habit has conferred upon her mother.

The problem of parents-in-law is, in fact, one that has taxed the ingenuity of all peoples, from the most primitive upwards. The savage, with a wisdom for which we are not always inclined to give him credit, almost universally recognizes that problem as the most difficult with which society can be faced. One method of overcoming it is by a formal initiation into the community, when the youth comes to what are considered years of discretion. If it is the Bear tribe, he will run off into the forest and imitate a real bear, returning to the tribe, after three days, a full-blown Bruin, completely freed from the ties that bind him to a human mother. Often parents and children-in-law are obliged, by the strictest taboos, never to associate with or even to look at one another; or perhaps the opposite solution is adopted, as in ancient Rome, of conferring on the male head of the family absolute

power over all his male descendants and their wives.

The discussion of the problem among ourselves was, however, until a few years ago, almost entirely relegated to the comic press. That anything so sacred as parental love could ever be possessed of serious dangers was regarded as an obscene blasphemy. But when all allowances have been made for the bias of psycho-analysis towards the neurotic, enough has been demonstrated to show that characters are time and again warped by an animal clinging to one parent, or hatred of another. Nor does it need the methods of a specialist to demonstrate the harm done by the animal conception of motherhood that dominates a certain type of woman, to the utter neglect of the victim's real interests, as well of the most elementary justice and commonsense, favouring one child at the expense of another, alternating between capricious nagging and weak-kneed indulgence, a literal vampirism upon the most helpless of mankind.

There is no need to enlarge upon the beauty of a motherhood wise and spiritual—we have the evidence of Madonnas more eloquent than words can ever be. But supreme privilege implies a corresponding responsibility. There is a sweet and noble self-restraint which nature demands, a far-sighted unselfishness which looks to the

child's ultimate welfare and not to the immediate pleasure of the parent, a love that is pure enough to be just, and strong enough to be firm, a love even capable of imposing restraint upon those indiscriminate fondlings that are often the first beginnings of a "mother complex."

A man's affections should not be limited to his own household; love is a bridge. They should not stop short at his family or his class or even his country. But, and this is a vital fact to remember, the expansion of love into new fields does not imply any weakening of the old love, the best husband may also be the best son, the firmest patriot the most devoted husband, and

> "That man the best cosmopolite
> Who loves his native country best."

The mistake that has been repeatedly perpetrated by lovers of mankind is to assume that this love is contradictory to patriotism, and, in fact, no better than an uninspiring and colourless rationalism calculated to cool the blood of a fish. The wider love is not the denial but the confirmation and enrichment of the narrower.

Only by deliberately widening the circle of our affections can emotional complexes be sublimated. Once we have realized the root of the evil, the task of transferring the affections becomes comparatively easy by the powerful aid of suggestion. Fixation may be compared with the

damming up of a stream, we open the dam into a prepared channel, down which it flows with redoubled strength. Every arrested or perverted emotion is capable of being turned into profitable courses.

It must now be apparent that a "success" system, based upon selfish or commercial motives, is nothing more nor less than a factory of unhappiness. For what is happiness but the instinctive sense of well-being, and what is well-being but healthy and harmonious development? A selfish or narrow disposition is as injurious to life as an enlarged heart or a defective circulation. Goodness is health in its moral aspect, nor can an unhealthy man be capable of more than a mockery of happiness.

XII

CONCLUDING HINTS AND REFLECTIONS

We have now, in all too brief outline, indicated what we consider to be the essentials of clear thinking and sound living. It only remains to amplify what has gone before by a few suggestions of a practical nature for the reader who is desirous of taking his mind systematically in hand and fitting himself not merely for the task of making money, but of playing his part efficiently in our great common task of making all things new after the ruin of the war.

This task is the most serious with which mankind has ever been faced. What has brought us to the brink of ruin and threatens to drive us beyond the brink is no inevitable process of material or social evolution, but the fact that we have developed unevenly, that we have acquired a mastery over matter out of all proportion to our increase in mental resources. It is as if our Simian or Lemurian ancestors had suddenly come into the possession of machine-guns, with the power to use them. We talk glibly enough of revolutions, but the only revolution that is going to do us any sort of good is a mental revo-

lution, and that every man must undertake for himself. Wealth, learning, conquest of matter, progressive legislation, may be good in themselves, but none of them will save us while the invisible Kingdom of the Mind is in chaos and anarchy. If we apply ourselves efficiently to perfecting this Kingdom, all these other things will follow of themselves.

Mind training is no task to be taken up lightly as a hobby, and thrown aside as soon as it has ceased to be amusing. It involves the transformation of our whole being; unless its principles have become crystallized into habits, they might as usefully be promulgated to the winds and waves. Therefore, if it is taken up at all it should be in the stern and unfaltering determination that under no circumstances shall it be remitted until its principles have taken root in our subconsciousness and its practice becomes the line of least resistance.

The commencement of the quest is, therefore, a time of decisive importance. This has been recognized in all communities, even the most primitive, in the solemn vows and initiations that were imposed on the occasion of any breaking of old associations or new departure in the way of living. The custom by which a new-made knight watched his arms till morning in a church was but one of the least fantastic applications of

this principle. Therefore, any sort of mental reformation should only be undertaken advisedly and after the matter has been duly weighed.

Once undertaken it should be irrevocable, and made irrevocable by the most solemn conceivable sanctions. Whatever these may be, whether an oath before God or an undertaking before friends or simply the pledging of one's honour in secret, there should be no possibility of drawing back without abject forfeiture of self-respect.

William James has suggested two other useful rules in the formation of habits, the first being never on any account to allow of an exception till the new habit is firmly rooted, the second being to seize the earliest opportunity of putting it into practice. These, of course, are the negative and positive ways of keeping your original promise. Thus, if your determination is to husband your time more strictly, you will no more stop in your bed after it is time to rise than you would on Saint Lawrence's gridiron, but you will also provide yourself with such positive but simple opportunities of giving effect to the new resolution as those already suggested, of timing yourself dressing or of reading the newspaper in a systematic and not a slovenly way.

There is one objection, concerned with the deliberate culture of the mind, which we should like

to meet here, as it has been raised, in one of his most witty chapters, by no less a critic of life than Samuel Butler. His point is that any sort of self-conscious striving after improvement is in itself a confession of failure. If all is well with a man, he is not conscious of it, it is too deeply part of himself; Bacon talked about morality and Bacon took bribes; Marcus Aurelius, for all his self-culture, was one of the greatest prigs in history. Here, we think, Butler is indicating a truth which, probably only half seriously, he is pushing to an unwarrantable conclusion. No habit, that is the real point of his thesis, can be called our own till it has sunk so far into our subconsciousness as to have become part of us. But, and this is the qualification Butler does not make sufficiently clear, habits must be consciously acquired before they can become subconscious. Otherwise we are of all men the most miserable, he that is a fool must remain a fool and he that is a knave must continue in his knavery; any effort at improvement can only add priggishness to their other sins. But to say that the path is not the goal is no argument against our setting forth upon it.

The question of arranging our time to the best advantage is naturally one that should be taken seriously in hand at the outset. The well-ordered mind will not tolerate a chaotic training, it will

strive to visualize the situation as a whole, and to review it at regular intervals, with a view to making the right suggestions, and also to checking progress and acquiring an exact knowledge of our own capacity. We will adopt the imagery of a campaign in briefly sketching our suggested programme.

(1) *Grand Strategy.*

A review, at considerable intervals, of general principles.

(2) *Major Tactics.*

A clear statement of aims, every morning, specifying time. Self-examination under the same headings at nightfall.

(3) *Minor Tactics.*

Concise and clearly-formulated mental commands covering the immediate future.

Suggestion should, in fact, be practised until it becomes efficacious, not only when made in necessarily general terms and at specially favourable seasons, such as early morning and late at night, but until you can give yourself commands easily and effectively at any moment, until you have engendered the same implicit habit of obedience to yourself as a veteran soldier has for his

officer. This is an accomplishment that only comes gradually and by long practice in suggestion, but you will find yourself acquiring it, and then for the first time you will be able to feel that you are master of your destinies.

A second-class shot once turned himself into a marksman by the simple expedient of suggesting every time he brought up his rifle to fire, "I *will* keep steady on the target, I will *not* jerk the trigger." So great an effect did this produce, that the hitherto wobbling rifle became as firm as a rock, confidence came with success, and after a time the conscious suggestion could be dropped altogether, and attention concentrated on the finer points of shooting.

In all mental discipline the time factor is of importance, and, wherever possible, every exercise should be timed with a watch and reduced to the shortest period consistent with thoroughness. Where the exercise is one that is repeated every day, a record should be kept and improvement carefully noted. The fact that not a second is wasted implies concentration. It is in this respect that mind systems, conducted by correspondence, are peculiarly handicapped. A pupil's exercises can be checked, but the time he has done them in can only be recorded by the pupil himself, and it is imposing too great a strain on the ordinary man's or woman's accuracy to ex-

pect them to be quite frank in recording their slowness to those mental colossi who alone are privileged to dispense the wisdom of which they are presumably past-masters.

This principle of timing operators is now the last word in business management. The method lately adopted has been to standardize every human as well as every mechanical operation; even the shovelling of earth has been made the subject of exhaustive tests and analysis in order to find the quickest and easiest way of doing it. The idea is to have a thinking and organizing staff controlling an army of specialists, every man's job being defined within the narrowest limits in order that he may become an expert at repeating the same operation again and again, with a rapidity stimulated by the offer of high wages on a piece-work basis. Standardization is taken to be synonymous with efficiency, and is even being trumpeted as a sort of gospel for a commercial age.

We venture to quote from a book called "Eclipse or Empire," by Messrs. Gray and Turner, which gives a frank and interesting statement of this case: "Standardization," it says, "means that it is better and cheaper to produce a million articles all alike than to produce a million articles all different. It means that there is one best or most convenient way to produce a thing.

There is one best shape. There is one best weight. There is one best material. There is one best motion, and so forth. When a single article is produced in vast quantities the work of producing it becomes automatic. It requires less skill and less thought . . ." and we are given the instance of the Ford motor works, where the cars are more alike than blades of grass. "They are identical. Every worker is thus enabled to do the same thing over and over again."

Standardization is no new thing, it was applied to shipbuilding in the palmy days of Venice, and to a still greater extent in seventeenth century Holland, where the different parts of a ship were made in different towns and assembled like the German submarines in the last war. No doubt, from the standpoint of cheap and rapid production it has a decisive advantage over the confused and happy-go-lucky methods it supersedes.

Standardization, too, has its place in the life of the individual. To time routine operations with a view of cutting them down to the narrowest possible limits is obviously to provide time for the more important affairs of life. It is possible for the brain to take the place of the thinking staff, and plan out the day's routine so as to make everything work with the maximum of smoothness and efficiency. Attention and analysis

should be given to the minor operations of life whose workings we have hitherto been content to take for granted. The method of holding a pen, of folding a coat, of packing a suitcase should be studied in detail with the view of standardizing for oneself the best method, and making it into a habit. The uncontrolled and haphazard, any sort of disorder, should be driven ruthlessly and completely out of a man's life.

An ordered mind is reflected in its surroundings. If a man wishes to test whether his mind is working on efficient lines, before doing anything else, let him look round at his room. Some people's surroundings are a very monument of uncontrolled impulses. Here is yesterday's newspaper, pulled apart and crumpled, in an armchair; here is the bureau, strewn with letters, advertisements, envelopes, blotting paper, the remains of a fountain-pen case and casual waste paper, probably including an important receipt, all just as they have been put there; there are books on the floor, also papers and a bookmarker; on the table there is a hat—but enough! We have taken an awful and perhaps an extreme example. What we have to note is that every one of these misplaced objects is where it is because it was put there, and it was put there, not because the depositor thought it was the ideally best place for it, but because the disorder of his

mind was such that he performed all these actions without knowing why, or even that he was doing them. And the pity of it is that he is condemned to hard and otherwise unprofitable labour in unravelling the results of his misdoing.

So that to get control over one's mind, to standardize the common routine of life and impose order where chaos has been before, is but the elementary dictate of self-interest. Standardization of this kind may be acclaimed as an unmixed blessing. In commerce and industry it is obviously better to find out and adopt the best way than to blunder on, as the saying is, "any old how." But when we come to the ruthless application of the doctrine of making everybody do the same thing over and over again, of eliminating thought and skill in the worker, it must be obvious to anyone not completely blinded by materialism, that we may be purchasing cheapness and dividends at the price of everything that makes life worth living.

The completely standardized worker, after the new pattern, will be a creature more degraded than the old slave. Even under the lash on the plantations the slave might have looked to enjoy a diversity of interest in his work that is to be denied to the highly-paid artisan of to-day. The mediæval craftsman was to an incomparable de-

gree better off than his modern successor. Every separate task that he performed was a work of art, into which he put some part of his own individuality. The Gothic cathedral, from the gargoyles on the tower to the seats in the choir, is a record in stone of joyous activity. "Jolly" seems the word that naturally associates itself with the apprentices and their masters in these pre-reformation times,

> "Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
> About their functions friendly."

With all our talk about democracy and the dignity of labour, it seems to be tacitly assumed that our efficiency is to be purchased at the price of a human degradation unprecedented in history. The workman may get higher and higher wages, maybe, but for what? Another twenty or fifty or a hundred per cent. at the price of his mind, and his happiness and his very soul, as the reward of the most dreary and awful boredom of which imagination can conceive. It is said, in an old account of Hell, that there is a clock of bronze poised over an abyss, whose pendulum hangs perpetually motionless, and whose hands point forever to these two words, *Always, Never.* It is to such a Hell that, according to the latest theory of efficiency, the worker is to be consigned, and

the best brains in the world are to be ceaselessly applied to making that Hell ever more absolute and unrelieved.

It is only confused thinking that has failed to perceive that this forms an aspect of the labour situation more important than even wages. Social discontent and even revolution are the inevitable outcome of a state of things in which the worker hates his work and is scientifically brutalized by its performance. The problem is one of the most serious with which civilization has ever been faced, and it has hardly begun to recognize its existence.

This is not the place to put forward a solution, even if there were any simple formula that would compass the attainment of efficient production with a right way of living. Until we have learned to think, until we have set our mental house in order, we shall be at the mercy of catch-penny formulas and specious remedies that serve only to intensify the disease. We cannot go on increasing mechanical power, unless our minds can keep pace. We cannot adopt methods that, by our own admission, annihilate thought and skill, without paying the penalty. If we ask labour to accept soul-destroying and repulsive tasks, labour will rebel blindly and brutally in proportion to the efficiency of our standardization. We have to take not only our individual

but our national life under control, to abolish the regime of haphazard, and make the future what we will, and not the unforeseen product of our blunders.

It is essential to clear thinking never to let the mind slide into a groove, never to be the dupe of conventions or formulas. It is a well-known tendency of neurotic minds to see everything in the guise of symbols; a patient will refuse to take some particular road because, probably without his consciously realizing it, there is a statue therein that looks like his father, or a house that looks like some other house of unpleasant associations. So in the modern mind there is an ever-increasing tendency, stimulated by every device of journalism, never to perceive the reality of anything, but to substitute names for things, until at last people are ready to accept the evidence of their formula before that of their senses.

The habit of refusing to see realities was never so rampant as in the twentieth century. To coin a new word or phrase for anything is considered the equivalent of understanding all about it; thus people who refuse to hold any theory on the sole ground that it claims to be new are "obscurantists," politicians of an opposing party are invariably "disgruntled," anybody who suggests that the present distribution of wealth is unduly favourable to a minority is a "Bolshevik;" just

at present the expenditure of national money on any purpose whatever is "squandermania;" mind has become mentality, growth evolution, feeling emotionalism, and practically everything "super."

Confusion becomes even worse confounded when we pass to the realm of the emotions. A few standardized motives and feelings are provided in the press, the theatres and the cinema for application to all sorts and conditions of men. Soldiers evince a positive pleasure in being shot at, mothers are invariably devoted to their children, society people are given over to bridge and secret sins, girls are either tender angels or wicked adventuresses, nobody is allowed, except by accident, to bear the faintest semblence of his or her human self.

The transition is an easy one from distorting the feelings of others to dishonesty about our own. We go through life, many of us, with one set of motives which we acknowledge to ourselves, and another on which we act. We hold a religion as we should hold Babism or Totemism under similar circumstances, because it happens to have belonged to our parents, and we call this a reasoned faith; we support one or other political faction because we want to increase or are afraid to diminish our incomes, and we talk of our love for country; we are possessed of a natural and entirely physical passion, and we

gush forth in ecstacies of sentiment about love and probably, its time-honoured companion, Heaven above; we will not, we dare not, and in course of time cannot escape from being humbugs and hypocrites in all our dealings, cheering at things done by the allies that we should have shrieked at if done by Germans, insensitive to any human or rational appeal, the victims of any scoundrel and the dupes of any charlatan who chooses to play upon our unacknowledged passion.

It is time, indeed, to overhaul our mental equipment, to sharpen our perceptions and train our imaginations to record the thing that is, and not what never was nor can be. It is time to become the masters of our destinies, individual and collective, and to cease from being the dupes of every unrealized impulse and interested suggestion. Moreover, it is time to train our faculty of concentration to combat that disinclination for sustained thought to which every bookstall and every hoarding so abundantly panders, and which is perhaps the gravest danger of our time. The journalese habit is as fatal to any sense of reality as constant draughts of neat brandy to the palate and constitution.

The critical faculty, sharpened and refined by the means already suggested, should be kept constantly alive, like a watchful sentry, challeng-

ing every statement and theory that seeks admission: "Is this the whole truth, the naked truth, and nothing but the truth? Is it fair to all sides of the question? Is it prompted by some one's interest or prejudice, or does it make an appeal to mine? Is it really worth bothering about one way or the other?" Apply the same tests of criticising your own work, as a whole and in detail; strive after mental self-help; never allow your views to be dictated to you by others or by books. Stand alone.

Above all, keep your sense of proportion, which is the same thing as a sense of humour. If you are the knower as well as the master of your emotions, you will stand in no danger of becoming ridiculous by taking yourself or them too seriously, like the German with his hymn of hate and the proctor who remarked: "Your conduct has not only offended the Almighty, but it has seriously displeased me." Nothing is so much or so permanently to the credit of a nation as the deep, subconscious courage that is too strong to require conscious stimulus to work it up in the face of the enemy, but which, literally, prefers to kick footballs in the cannon's mouth. Our soldiers at least retained enough sense of reality to admit that they detested trench life and that they were bored to death by it, they did not want rose spectacles over their eyes nor heroics

in their ears, the job was grim and dirty and detestable, they accepted that, and they stuck it out.

A sense of proportion will be your safeguard from developing into a lop-sided man, a specialist in one subject, and imperfect in that because ignorant of all the rest. That is the sovereign advantage of the ideal set by our older universities, and which is imperilled by the modern notion of turning out smart business men and experts in some restricted department of science, at quick notice. The aim of a liberal education is to produce men and women as near to perfection as possible, and not merely useful instruments. After all, a human being is not primarily a clerk in somebody's office, or a keeper of somebody's house, but a little mirror of the universe, poised between two eternities, a partaker in the supreme adventure of making life, that was animal, godlike, and Earth a paradise fit to be the home of gods.

Mind, that was originally but a faint and vague stirring of protoplasm has developed to what we are to-day; who shall fix a limit to its possibilities? Shall it reach out beyond the stars to make the whole of space its province, or arm itself with fresh knowledge and fresh powers until death itself becomes but a memory of far-off, unbelievable things? Hitherto we have been like rudderless boats, drifted hither and thither

against our choice, bumping into disastrous collisions, pursuing no settled course; but there is no reason, except our own laziness, why we should not, each of us, be captains of noble craft forging smoothly to their destinations in spite of wind and tide.

A world governed by philosophers, by masters in the art of life, was the dream of Plato in Greece, and Manu the lawgiver of India. But even their imaginations did not soar beyond a perfected minority imposing its will, beneficent but absolute, upon the imperfect men, their inferiors. To-day it is the corner-stone of our democratic faith that every man exists for his own sake, that during his soul's brief flight through the lighted hall of the universe he has the right to all the knowledge, all the joy and the beauty and the splendour that life has to confer. A world of enlightened men and women, striving harmoniously in common after perfection, that is our vision, that, and nothing less, is our goal.

SUMMARY

MIND TRAINING, OPEN AND SECRET

THE events of the last few years have demonstrated the supreme need of the time to be that of perfecting men. Its urgency was beginning to be realised even before the war. Various attempts were made to meet it.

Magical cults, professing to be Oriental, were revived for commercial purposes.

A school of "higher thought" propounded doctrines that amounted to little more than platitudinous optimism.

More important than these are systems of mind training, jealously concealed from all but their initiates, and treating the laws of the mind as if they were secrets to be patented.

Whatever advantages these systems may possess are outweighed by certain objections.

(1) They tend to create the impression that there is some formula or trick by which mental difficulties may be surmounted.

(2) They encourage the pursuit of "short cuts" to knowledge.

(3) There can be no secret about the laws of mind that cannot be as easily and much more cheaply obtained in the open market.

(4) They necessarily tend to exalt "success" to the dignity of a religion.

The problem before us is that of the right ordering of the mind by right efforts directed efficiently to right ends.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS

Whatever theory we may hold about their ultimate relations, for practical purposes we may assume that the mind acts only through the body.

From religious and other causes the culture of the body has been neglected in the past; the modern tendency is to make the mind a function of the body.

Mental efficiency notoriously varies according to age, it also varies from day to day and moment to moment.

Modern systems of physical culture lose sight of the end in the elaboration of the means. We must aim at producing complete men, not muscular prodigies.

A wise physical economy aims at expending the maximun of energy in the right direction.

What creates energy?

(1) Sleep.

(2) Food.
(3) Air.
(4) Judicious exercise.

Too great a solicitude defeats its own end. Ideal health is nearly free from self-consciousness.

Happiness is a decisive factor of physical well-being.

THE SENSITIVE MIND

Everything received by the senses finds an outlet in action, but action may be delayed owing to the impression being detained in the subconscious part of the mind.

There are two sources of ideas, the world and the inner consciousness; corresponding to these are two types of temperament, the objective and the subjective. The perfect mind strikes a balance between the two.

Even subjective ideas are derived ultimately from the senses. The inner consciousness therefore needs to be fed by a perpetual stream of impressions from the outer world.

The object of sense-training is to develop sensitiveness to the widest possible range of the best possible impressions.

Sensitiveness includes:—

(1) Accurate and vital association.

(2) Exquisite and accurate discrimination.

The end to be attained must be kept steadily in view. A tea-taster is not necessarily a judge of poetry.

As many senses as possible should be called into play.

The great trainer of the senses is Art.

How to develop the senses:

(1) By inanimate objects.
(2) By animals.
(3) By human beings.
(4) In daily life.
(5) By keeping a record.
(6) The special instance of taste.

IMAGINATION

Imagination is the faculty of perceiving independently of the senses.

By imagination ideas are preserved in the mind. It is therefore the basis of memory, and of a strong and rich inner life.

The so-called "catenation" of memory systems, which consists in remembering long lists of names by associative links, usually fails because, though the associations are grasped intellectually at the time, they are not preserved in images, and are therefore quickly forgotten.

Impressions, not only of sight, but of all the senses, should be preserved in the imagination.

Sympathy is that branch of the imagination which presents to the mind the experiences of others.

Perverted sympathy may take the form of cruelty.

The fact that imagination is particularly strong in children accounts for their receptiveness; in adults the tendency is to apprehend intellectually, and the memory is correspondingly weakened.

"To become as little children" is, therefore, a precept based upon the profoundest psychological insight.

The most efficient mind is that which apprehends directly, and as little as possible by abstractions. To it, in Blake's words, "everything that lives is holy."

The imagination may be trained:

(1) By observing anything and then looking away to see how much has been pictured.

(2) By visualising faces.

(3) By making rough memory sketches or diagrams.

(4) By visualising what one reads.

(5) By mentally reconstructing the thought, past and circumstances of others.

(6) By the habitual cultivation of sympathy.

(7) By presenting to oneself and recording some wholly imaginary situation.

THE ORDERING OF IDEAS

There is no limit to the capacity of the mind for holding ideas. An overloaded mind is an ill-arranged mind.

Great minds are those which are able to arrange their ideas constantly and instinctively.

The mind must be prepared for the reception of new ideas by having the necessary framework of classification in which to receive them.

The only sound method of classification is based on an understanding of the subject. Systems of memorizing headings artificially are injurious.

Classification proceeds by the associations of vital qualities. The faculty of perceiving vital associations we call vision, in contrast to fancy, which is the faculty of perceiving all sorts of associations, however superficial.

Vital association is practised, not only by the artist, but by the successful man in every branch of life.

Complementary to this is the faculty for detecting differences.

Training should begin by the construction of imaginary frameworks for the reception of ideas on different subjects. The conscious imagining of these frameworks can be dropped when classification becomes habitual.

Exercises in classification should be timed.

Some modification is necessary when dealing with a sequence of events. Here it may be useful to take one or two landmark dates, and survey the situation as it existed at these moments, comparing the results.

Only by repeated experiment can one find out the method best suited to one's requirements.

MEMORY AND INTEREST

The devices for training the memory artificially, which form the chief attraction of modern mind systems, have nothing new in them, and can, without much loss, be dispensed with altogether.

They may have a certain limited use for memorizing names and figures that have no natural associations with each other, where books of reference and notes, which are always to be preferred, are unavailable.

Nothing should ever be memorized artificially that can be grasped or analysed naturally.

Artificial memory systems fall under the

headings of catenation and figure alphabets. These, on the few occasions when it is defensible to employ them, should be on as simple lines as possible, and should make the utmost use of the imagination.

It is incorrect to talk of memory or retentiveness as a separate faculty. A good memory follows automatically from a well-ordered mind, and is proportionate to our interest in the thing to be remembered.

To stimulate interest is therefore to stimulate memory.

Interest may be stimulated:

(1) By external motives—hope or fear.

(2) By suggestion in all its forms.

(3) By a thorough, classified and vital knowledge of the subject.

Education, as we know it to-day, is too much concerned with the formula, too little with the reality. This tendency is reinforced by the bias of children and uneducated minds towards taking names for things, and by trick memory systems, which substitute artificial for real connections.

For recording disconnected or arbitrary facts, a notebook is invaluable, but a vital knowledge of the subject enables one largely to dispense with these mental crutches. Only what is stored in the mind fructifies.

Make knowledge vital, eliminate the formula.

EMOTIONS, CONSCIOUS AND SUBCONSCIOUS

THE transition from impression to action ought to be neither unduly retarded nor unduly delayed. Mental processes should be at once free and controlled.

In no respect has psychology been so much revolutionized during the last few years as in the subject of emotions.

The theories of Freud and his school have been somewhat discredited by the absurd and even repulsive lengths to which they have been pushed. Their authors have approached the subject from the standpoint of the nervous specialist, and with Teutonic lack of humour.

They have, however, revealed the importance, hardly suspected before, of the subconscious mind, and demonstrated that the first requisite for a sound emotional discipline is, by rigorous self-analysis, to find out our subconscious habits and their causes.

Important aids to this discovery are the study of dreams and the method of verbal reactions.

Most people have one set of emotions which they acknowledge, and another by which they are really influenced.

To bring our hidden, subconscious motives to the light of day is the basis of any sound, emotional strategy.

There is no emotion that cannot, by judicious treatment, be transformed or "sublimated" into something desirable.

THE WILL

An emotion is a tendency to act; that which makes emotions effective is the will.

The essentials of a strong will are:

(1) Vital energy, a physical rather than a mental property.

(2) Attention, or an unimpeded outlet for the emotion.

(3) Concentration, defined as attention continued over a length of time.

The secret of concentration is:

(1) To know exactly what we want to do.

(2) To imagine ourselves doing it.

Various methods have been propounded for artificially concentrating the mind. Of these the most important is hypnotism, which is a method of fixing the consciousness in one line of thought to the exclusion of all others.

Its disadvantages are that the strongest and most critical minds are the least susceptible to it, and that it tends to lower the moral stamina.

The method of auto-suggestion, though weaker in itself, is to be preferred in the long run.

Advantage should be taken of times when the

mind is most prone to suggestion—immediately before or after sleep. Suggestibility can be induced artificially by monotonous music, gazing at a fixed object, or "going into the silence." Suggestions should be brief, and their accomplishment should be believed in.

They should be based on a careful study of emotional tendencies.

Environment is, in itself, a powerful source of suggestion.

Suggestion should aim at happiness as the normal condition of life.

Even more important than happiness is greatness or nobility of outlook.

RHYTHM

States of mental exaltation or activity are nearly always followed by a corresponding reaction.

The subconscious mind wants time to recuperate; a too-prolonged conscious activity would exhaust its resources.

Mental states are never constant. The idea of absolute rest, in men or nations, is a fallacy akin to that of perpetual motion.

Seasons of "dryness" or "dullness' should never be allowed to depress the mind or to weaken confidence.

A sound mental strategy will use such periods to accumulate material in the subconsciousness, or to make progress in some different kind of work.

It is important to study the mind in order to take advantage of its times of greatest efficiency.

EXPRESSION

Thought naturally seeks creative expression. For purpose of convenience we intend to make a rough distinction between expression, through a selected medium, considered for its own sake, and creation, which aims at modifying one's "world."

Every man is naturally an artist.

Self-expression may be sought through the habitual distinction of life called good manners.

The essentials of good manners are:

(1) That they should be pursued for their own sake, and not for any personal advantage.

(2) That they should not only be conscious but habitual.

(3) The code of conduct must be that dictated by the richest and ripest experience available.

A well-mannered society aims at concentrating all its energies upon what it considers the best

way of living, and upon the avoidance of all friction.

The code of manners is continually changing, and has, generally speaking, become more refined and democratic of recent years.

Control of language implies and stimulates control of thought.

The essentials of speaking, public and private, are:

(1) A well stocked and well ordered mind.

(2) A well founded reliance on the subconsciousness, with a conscious censorship.

(3) No form of speaking should ever become a monologue.

(4) A man should be the master and not the slave of his voice.

No one is wholly incapable of self-expression and the instinct should be deliberately cultivated.

Art is many-sided; dress, or furniture, or a garden may express the owner's individuality as much as a poem.

Mauvaise honte is the great enemy of self-expression.

CREATIVE GENIUS

The greatest art has seldom been for art's sake alone. Life that stops short at art as an end is incomplete.

The highest form of creation, whether in art or life, is genius.

Genius is natural to man, and in no way more mysterious than any other faculty of the mind. It may be defined as subconscious activity functioning rightly.

Its characteristics are spontaneity, and apparent inevitability.

The cant phrase that genius is born and not made owes what truth it possesses to our hitherto imperfect acquaintance with the subconscious and its laws.

Conspicuous genius has almost always been the result of culture.

Genius is the sudden outburst of what has, for a long time, been accumulated in the subconsciousness, just as the discharge of an arrow is the release of force generated by the drawing of a bow.

The capacity for storing and releasing mental energy varies notoriously in individuals. But the capacity of any individual is susceptible of unlimited improvement.

Genius, like art, is many-sided, and may find scope in almost any walk of life.

Methods by which the creative faculty may be stimulated:

(1) By taking plenty of sleep.

(2) By a careful study of subconscious rhythm.

(3) By having an alternative occupation for the mind during periods of recuperation.

(4) By widening the circle of interests.

(5) By long views and clear visualization of ends.

(6) By cultivating an eye for essentials.

(7) By a reasonable self-confidence.

HARMONY

Harmonious and complete development is the secret of life.

It is impossible to draw a fast line between efficiency and goodness. "The Devil is an ass."

Love is, in the spiritual, what the law of gravitation is in the material sphere.

Like confused thought, crime and indurated egotism are the result of arrested development. The bad man is the incomplete man.

The history of mankind records the gradual enlargement of man's circle of affections.

The fate of civilization depends upon whether the love of mankind can be superimposed upon national and race feeling in time to prevent the tragedy of another world war.

At any stage development may be arrested, and repressed complexes formed. By widening

the circle of affections these can be sublimated.

The broader love need not contradict nor weaken the narrower.

A success system, based upon selfish motives, is a factory of unhappiness.

Goodness is health in its moral aspect.

CONCLUDING HINTS AND REFLECTIONS

The task of training the mind should be undertaken in the fixed determination never to draw back, and the honour should be irrevocably pledged to this.

Habits that we wish to form should admit of no exceptions, and we should (following the advice of William James) provide ourselves with opportunities of practising them.

Self-training comprises:

(*a*) A review, at considerable intervals, of general principles.

(*b*) A statement of aims in the morning and self-examination in the evening.

(*c*) Clearly formulated mental commands covering the immediate future.

In all mental discipline the time factor is of importance. Mental exercises should, whenever possible, be timed.

Modern standardization comprises the analysis of work to be done, and finding out, by experi-

ment, the one quickest way of accomplishing every part of it.

This, though invaluable to the individual in routine operations, when applied to the grand scale may obtain productive efficiency at the expense of the worker.

Think for yourself, never let the mind slide into a groove, nor mistake symbols for realities.

The disinclination to sustained or independent thought is at the basis of sensational politics and literature, and perhaps the gravest danger of our time.

Cultivate the critical faculty, mental self-help, and the sense of proportion or humour.

The possibilities of the human mind are unlimited; in times when government is shared by all, all ought to be educated to an ideal of perfection.

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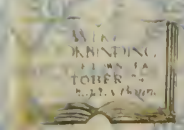

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